

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Frostwork Fantasy—The Dreary Moment Just After Christmas—A Wintery Trip with Browning to the Shawangunk Hills—The Romance of Last Summer—Burning verses Burned—A Sentimental Reverie.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. Commend me to woodfires in old spacious fireplaces. The day is an eager and a nipping one.

I have just come in from the snow-covered hills. Some kind of chill necromancy pulls me back, in spite of myself, to those bleak vistas where the winds are racing.

How sharp and acrid the clang of the city is; how ennuied the pause is here after the holidays. All the little throats are choked with sweetmeats; all the wreaths hang empty on the walls; the shop windows look like faces after a long laugh, or a banquet-table the morning after the banquet.

Even Billy Florence, who is the Mark Tapley of comedy, seemed to grow a trifle sad in the vacuum of his own popularity; and all the girls who go to the Bijou to see the beautiful men in the chorus finger their chateaux dummies, as if they were Elaine's without the chat.

It's a dreadful, dreary moment just after Christmas. You've no idea how inexpressibly dull the clubs are. Sir Cuthbert is off to his manor house in the Berkshire hills; Launcelot is brewing a punch in the castle-hall at Tuxado; all the good boys are home with their mothers; all the good girls are saving their pathos up for Lent and dreaming already of Easter bonnets.

How awfully lonesome a man can be sometimes if he only sets about it. You remember what Emerson said—of course you do—"If a man would be alone let him look at the stars."

Fancy how lonesome I must be. I've been looking at the stars for — well, pardon me for this digression.

I went to see the Battle of Gettysburg. What a horrible, far-away, demoniac frenzy it all was in the peace of to-day, with the bells just done ringing their good-will to men.

I looked in at Anarchy. The very name jarred upon me. So did the packed and applauding audience. I tried my best to get interested once more in Annie Robe. I looked listlessly at A Run of Luck. I wondered what Possart was trying to do. My good angel, with a devilish irony, suggested that I go and see Dr. Jekyll.

Then I seized a satchel. I kicked the dust from my sandals at the Twenty-third Street Ferry. I gave a war-whoop. The Winter train started. I was free.

One line, to Bassett by wire. "Light a fire in the east wing," and at three o'clock I jumped from the carryall into the unbroken snow, flapped my fur-covered arms once or twice as if I were an American eagle, and then I was in my own den, forty good miles and true from Dr. Jekyll and the mad, mad world, with Bassett staring at me wonderingly.

But he had the hickory logs blazing. I took from my pocket the copy of Browning that I had tried to read in the cold train and shield it upon the table.

"You came up alone?" said Bassett, inquiringly.

"Yes," I said. "Awfully alone. Only Browning."

"Is he in the trap?"

"No; I am. Go and get me something to eat."

There was everything just as I had left it. The cottage piano stood open; a red scarf hung over one end of the ivory key-board, the gold-thread monogram showing plainly. The very rug had a wave in it where her feet had pushed it at the piano-stool, and the last sounds that came out of the instrument were on that russet afternoon when she sat there with the twilight deepening in her golden hair, and sang "In the Gloaming."

The empty bird-cage hung in the little bay. Lord! what a mad roudade used to come from it when she touched the piano. The chairs were just as they had been used. There was the foot-stool at one, and there were the cigar ashes yet by the side of the other.

I went to the bay and pulled the chenille curtain. The moment I touched it I remembered with a bitter feeling her very words, "Chenille is so warm, my dear, and that's our color, you know." I looked out across the swale, not a foot-print in the long gleaming

fields of snow, down to the bare, ruined chairs of the grove where once the sweet birds sang. A thin thread of blue smoke twisted up into the grey sky from the nearest cottage, half-a-mile away. How chill and deathlike it all appeared. Not a sound, excepting the wail of the wind, singing a shrill monody under the eaves and rattling a sash somewhere, and the spit of that wood-fire trying to be jolly for the sake of the past.

There is my chimney, what pride we took in building it! Every tile she picked out herself. Those are all her own wild flowers copied there. How the ruddy flames used to dance round that Zouave of Detaille's, and light up that Spanish damsel of Zamacolse as she flung herself in the habanero and grew red in the glow. When we drew the chairs up here and looked into the bank of live coals, those living coral depths, where the sprites of our fancy revelled, what cared we for the world or

and a till 2 o'clock, and watched the harvest moon go down behind the Shawangunk hills, and a whippoorwill in the meadow tried to keep us melancholy company.

Ye gods, what a fool I was! I thought she was an angel. I was idiot enough to believe that the little Arab preferred being in that nest with me alone to all the excitements and follies of the town. I absolutely thought she yearned for my praise and didn't care a snap for the applause of the mob. She used to put her warm hand on my cheek, and purr against me, with her little slippers up to the fire, and say she was so happy because there was nobody to bother us.

Fraud! She was thinking of her pageant then and counting her wreaths in her mind. We played The Lady of Lyons all by ourselves on that bear-skin rug, and when she fell into my arms we sat down together and made a slow ending with long embraces, and I—Saints

the trumpery in this room, stuff it in some boxes and you can store it in the barn. I've got a lot of things I'll burn up. There are some empty barrels in the stable, aren't there?"

"Yes, sir. But it's a pity to tear out the traps. No one's laid a finger on 'em, sir, since the lady—"

"That'll do. I'll be busy here for an hour or two. Get me up some dinner. I'll go back in the morning."

Then I put on a dressing-gown. As I'm a coward, I smelt the honeysuckle of last Summer as I took it down from the peg. There was a piece of paper in the pocket, crumpled and otherwise stained. I spread it out.

A bill of the opera—La Trovatore.

Pencil marks on the margin, I stamped my foot as a vision of the maroon-box came back and the lady at my side, and then I put the bill in the fire. I pulled out the drawer of the

Well, I'll read them first:

The crystal beaker of this Sunday morn
Is at my lip, O dear one, and the sky
Sings sweet hosannas, but I am forlorn.
The music of the Sabbath bells goes by
And all the sounds that Heaven meant to bless
Leave me astray in hollow loneliness.

But some time, dear one, I shall be with you,
Thou shalt not always walk alone in life.
Some mystic day, with sweet celestial bliss,
Is dawning for us out of present strife.
And then I'll come and dwell with you apart
Within the temple of your guarded heart.

It may not be in life for who can say
Out of the present what is yet to be,
But even death cannot keep me away,
My soul will come assured, my own, to thee,
Thou mayst not see me in that by-and-bye
But thou shalt hear my voice and know 'tis I.

Some evening when the light is sadly fair,
When Summer's wildwood roses are a bloom,
When all the breezes blowing eastward bear
Upon their wings, my love, our old perfume,
I'll come and guard thy way, to thee unknown,
That shalt not walk alone, thou shalt not walk alone.

So safely will I come unto your heart
And knock upon the doorway of the past,
That only love shall hear, and take my part
And hold me in your memory close and fast.
Thou'lt know me in the gloaming, O my own,
Thou shalt not walk alone, thou shalt not walk alone.

"What d—d fools we all are," I said.
But it sounded so hollow in the room that I
looked round to see if somebody else hadn't
said it.

I went to the fireplace and began to soliloquize. "The unutterable sentimentality of it all is sickening," I said. "Thou shalt not walk alone," indeed! And that jade is barnstorming and probably has got a dude carrying her satchel."

I put the paper in the fire and grit my teeth. Then I sat down on the sofa and watched it burn. How it writhed and rolled, just as if there had been some heart in it.

I must have gone off into a reverie. I heard the wind tap on the pane, and I even thought I heard sleigh bells. A man has queer fancies in such a desolate place. It was a ghastly wind in a shroud of snow. I tried my door.

By Heavens, it opened it!

I turned round, and there in the frame-work stood my past, fur-enwrapped, with the glow of my fire warming her face. She came up to me, her eyes full of penitence and love, and stood before me. She put out her hand and laid it on my shoulder. How heavy it was! and what a rude grasp.

"Mr. Crinkle, here you are. This is your station. Look lively. You've dropped your book under the seat!"

It was my Browning.

NYM CRINKLE.

John L.'s Rhetoric.

Joe Arthur was present, during his hasty London visit, at the first appearance of that noble American, Mr. John L. Sullivan, in the Crystal Palace. Everybody was there, from peers of the realm to the humblest hanger-on of the P. R. Proceedings began with the appearance of a small man in a large dress-coat, with a queer solitaire in his spacious shirt-front. His speech was the soul of wit—in respect to brevity. "I have the honor to introduce," said he, "the greatest man in the world, John L. Sullivan." This stirred up a turmoil. The names of British champions were yelled in discordant chorus. Then "the greatest" came out. His remarks were also characteristic. "Gentlemen and ladies," he began, putting the gentlemen first, "I'm obliged to you for this reception." At this there were more hostile remarks from the front, mixed with hisses. John L. stared angrily around and then delivered himself of this classic comment: "Gentlemen and ladies, I am used to hisses. There are always a lot of hogs in every audience. Thanking you, I remain, yours truly." Then the distinguished personage awkwardly bowed himself off and the sparring programme began. Arthur says that after the edifying show pugilism broke out generally among the spectators as the most convincing argument to settle all discussions as to the relative merits of international bruisers. The sounds of blows filled the air, and men danced around the lobbies in a saturnalia of fistic riot. The American manager was an exception—he escaped from the place with difficulty—but unpunished.

E. L. Walton, the comedian, has been engaged to create a star comedy part in a new play called Town Lots, by a well-known Western author. The character is in the style of Mulberry Sellers, a speculative real estate operator, who indulges in the founding of a city on paper, and aims to show up the tendency to boom Western wilds.



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

the wintry wind. How merrily it piped under the eaves then.

Let me see. Yet, that's the little box where she kept her woman's trifles, and there's the piece of the letter she tore up before she went away. What a dead, silent mess of souvenirs and trumpery.

What shall I do here? Sit before that fire listening to Bassett's heavy boots out in that great echoing kitchen, and wonder at the unearthly calm, so like death, that seems to weigh on everything else? When a man wants to be alone with his past, he's out of order. I know it. He is eating his heart. But let him alone.

There's a little wine in that flagon. I'll pour out a glass. Let me see, there used to be cigars in that buffet. By Jove, that's the box I brought up that night when she told me about Trainor, and the ball at Dorriton's. I remember it very well because we sat there on the ver-

of old!—I believed her when she said she wanted no other Claude.

Well, you wouldn't think that those sky-blue eyes were azure lies, would you? No one would take that sweet, demure face for a mask of hypocrisy, would they now? How the devil is one to tell that a sweet, low, murmuring voice comes out of a hollow heart?

Why should a man of practical sense come up here and open the healed wound, and sit down in this cruel boudoir, every token in which seems so far away and deathly cruel?

I don't know.

Well, it is idiotic, so I brace up. I poke the fire viciously, Jehu! how the pyrotechnic sparks snap at me. I'll get my blood in circulation and make an end of this. "Bassett! Bassett! Where the devil are you?"

"Here I am, sir."

"I've come up, Bassett, to pack this rub bish. I'm going to rent the house. I'll sort

secretary and emptied the contents upon the table.

Summer fragments—why should she have kept those nosegays I gave her? Why did she preserve those fragments of poetry cut from the Sunday papers? Oh, bother—away with them! See how they flame and flutter. There, they have sailed up the flue. Good. I'm stronger already.

The other drawer is locked—what of it? A paper-knife breaks the toy-bolt. More rubbish. There is one note addressed to me. I must have put it there myself—it is in her hand, too. How childishly we mixed up all our tokens in those old times.

By the lyre of Apollo! it is the verses she sent me on that Sunday before we were — I was alone then. I remember how grateful they were. I remember how I prized them. Now I am going to burn them.

At the Theatres.

It was a rather small but picked audience which welcomed the first appearance of Frau Hedwig Niemann-Raabe at the Star on Monday night. The most cultivated classes of the German American contingent were largely represented, along with not a few of American nationality allied to Teutonic sympathies. They were abundantly rewarded with a performance of exceeding beauty, and now that we know what Mme. Raabe can do, it is probable her audiences will be as large as the hall can hold.

Auerbach's Black Forest stories are, long ago, established as classics in the German household. One of the prettiest, *Die Frau Professor*, has been dramatized by Mme. Birch-Pfeiffer, as Dorf und Stadt, and has for many years held the stage as a favorite field for actresses strong in the domestic-emotional line. It tells in clear and simple fashion how a young painter, Reinhardt, returning from the neighboring capital, Stuttgart, presumably—to his old haunts at the Linden tavern in the Schwarzwald, finds there the host's daughter, Leonore, or Lorie, who has known and loved him from their earlier acquaintances. With easy sentimentality he woos and wins the village maiden, and receiving, just then, a call to an art-professorship in the Residenz, carries her off to the city. Here the innocent rusticity of his bride, and a momentary relapse to the fascinations of a former divinity—the Countess von Felsch, cause him to waver a while in his allegiance. Lorie suffers in silence, and through the well-meant but blundering interference of a former lover, is on the point of leaving him for her village home, when the husband awakes to his duty and his love, and the curtain falls on his repentant vow to break from city snares and go back with her to the purer air of the hills.

The work has been given here by sundry German artists, notably by Madame Seebach, and an English adaptation by Maggie Mitchell.

It is not a very good play, dramatically considered. There is a good deal of matter, which, in the nature of the case, must be sketchily treated. The long and intense previous complication with the Countess is hardly more than hinted at, to give a sufficient motive for Lorie's heroic self-sacrifice. Reinhardt, though a proper man for a maiden's eye, is necessarily, in moral regards, rather a flimsy and weakly emotional character. It is not a very lofty motive for return to his suffering wife, to find that his aristocratic flame, though she might flit with him, would on no condition have married him. But the piece is, in effect, a monograph, a mere background for the predominant figure of Lorie, who is on the stage almost every moment, and in whom everything merges and centres. So viewed it is a beautiful idyll, sweet, pure and fresh as the mountain air of its scene, with its gentle humor and pathos, its simple, touching tale of innocent love and sorrow, a play good enough to wipe away the recollection of whole nightmares of French innuendo, and lurid melodrama. It goes without saying that much of it is in dialect. The wits of the non-German auditors must have been sorely tried with the oddity of the self but expressive Schwarzwälder patois, which yet, like Burns' lowland Scotch or Richter's Plattdeutsch, has a capacity for feeling and humor which elude the polished language of the salons.

As for Mme. Raabe's interpretation, criticism is fain to drop its scalpel and take up the pen of pure eulogy. To keep the case-hardened play-goer of half a century on the broad guffaw one moment and groping for his pocket-handkerchief the next—as did Mme. Raabe for three hours on Monday, is given only to the subtlest and most perfect skill. If it is art to conceal art, she has it. The exquisite refinement of her method, the wonderful discretion and measure which reserves all strong expression for crucial moments, and fills in all the half-tones with infinite variety of cunning shading, the heart-breaking keenness of the cry of suffering which sends a thrill from her own heart to every heart in the auditorium—all this is informed with such a sympathy and truth that the actress is utterly forgotten and the spectator sees only the woman. Whatever Mme. Raabe may be off the stage, it is impossible for the moment to conceive her anything but the gentle, tender, loving and magnanimous woman she depicts.

It would be tedious to minute to more than hint at the series of delicate links in the spell with which she holds her audience. From the girlish fun and lighthearted song of her opening scene; the shy, shamefaced sweetness of her welcome to Reinhardt; the coaxing, wheedling blandishments which get her will of father and lover; the gentle dignity of her appearance in court circles; the tart frankness of her snub administered to the too forward lieutenant, and the quaint, freehearted trustfulness of her chat with the prince, through the gathering clouds of her trouble, and her patient self-surrender to her husband's caprice, down to the agony of parting, and the ecstasy of recovered happiness, the whole picture is faultlessly consistent and homogeneous, springing as it does from the one central conception of an utterly pure and loving nature. When the prince retires from his ten minutes' chat with the village maiden with the brief comment that no diamond in the sovereign's crown jewels can equal that which the artist has won, none of Mme. Raabe's hearers will say him nay. Throughout the whole picture

her exquisite taste and subtle instinct keep her from ever overstepping that impalpable line which separates pathos from bathos. Only the rarest of actresses can be tender without being staid. Mme. Raabe's tenderness is so exquisitely fresh and true that it admits no doubt or hesitation, but carries the feelings with it by magnetic induction. All men, the proverb says, love a lover; listening to the subtle thrill of her voice and watching the play of her expressive features, all men are lovers, or wish to be.

Her support was excellent. The Lindenwirth of Herr Kober and the Bäbel of Outille Genée were character vignettes as clean and true as a drawing by Pletsch or Richter. The little sketch of the dandy lieutenant by Hermann Haack might have just stepped out of the pages of *Fliegende Blätter*, and Hugo Ranzenberg gave an adequate interpretation of the rather fickle and selfish but well-meaning painter.

It on reviewing our comment it has a certain flavor of that effusiveness which sarcastic people call "gush," the gentle reader will kindly remember that the sore-tried dramatic critic doesn't often get a chance to gush about anything. In a waste of trite and banal comment, and half-hearted, perfunctory praise, it is a relief for once to "turn one's self loose" and, as the Germans say, empty out one's heart in unstinted praise of a bit of perfect art. *THE MIRROR* is fain to confess that in reflecting pretty Lorie's simple joys and sorrows, it was continually hindered by that mist of unavowed emotion which somewhat blurs the coolest surface. It remains to be seen what the charming artist can do in a broader and more dramatic field. If she equals or surpasses her first essay we shall be gratified—but a little surprised.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—KEPPLER'S FORTUNES

Albert Keppler.....	Gus Williams
Dunc Nelson.....	Frank Girard
David Crane.....	C. F. Tinsay
William Fallerton.....	C. E. Girard
Peorose Allison.....	Stuart Brodbeck
Mrs. Keppler.....	Mrs. F. A. Tanshill
Addie Keppler.....	Mattie D. Ferguson
Madeline Keppler.....	Rose Watson
Jessie Waples.....	Miss Belmont

A comedy of somewhat flimsy build, entitled *Kepler's Fortunes*, from the pen of Cal Wallace, was produced on Monday at the Grand Opera House by the clever comedian Gus Williams. The plot is little more than a string upon which to hang a great deal of humorous business and incidental songs. The piece, which is a little bald in the first and last acts, will, if strengthened, be a good specimen of its class. It will take with the public as it bristles with amusing whimsicalities, and is the vehicle for some excellent music. Albert Keppler, as played by Gus Williams, has the appearance of having been largely framed upon the model of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle even to the introduction of a phrase or two belonging to that celebrated impersonation. The audience was delighted with the easy naturalness of the part, and gave the actor several encores to his songs. In its way the performance of the role of Kepler left nothing to be desired, and that seemed to be the striking elocutionary blunders; among others, "I am honly a woman; you have hall my affections!" Mattie Ferguson was bright and lively as Addie Keppler, and Miss Belmont acceptable as Jessie Waffles the niece. As John Gates the lawyer, T. W. Babcock gave an acceptable rendition with something of a legal air. Frank Girard was delightfully vulgar as Dunc Nelson the "sport." Gus Williams' song of "When we ran with the old machine," with its accompanying illusion-scene showing an old fire-engine house and a group of firemen, was enthusiastically received. Next week, Jim the Penman.

The engagement at the Thalia of the celebrated German actor, Herr Ernst Possart, is an occasion of moment, not merely to the local and national public of the East Side, but to all friends of the drama. In common with other artists of the same nationality, he serves to illustrate, in a very instructive way, the scope and tendency of German dramatic art, and in especial the conscientious thoroughness of training and the skill and taste obvious in the whole efficiency of the best German actors. The lesson is the more pertinent that in some of his assumptions—as in that of Shylock on Friday night—Herr Possart follows close on the heels of a noted English artist, and by coincidence, of time, at least, implicitly challenges comparison.

It was pointed out, in a recent article in these columns, that Mr. Irving's interpretation of the Jew of Venice is, as a subtle critic has neatly characterized it, a matter of *genre*. That is to say, he lays inordinate stress on the picturesque features of the delineation, exaggerating his merely physical methods to grotesqueness, and making his personage at times almost a caricature, where a stronger artist would attain higher results by finer processes and more subtle suggestion. It was claimed that under this coarse and superficial treatment Shylock's hate and fury border on mania, and his set passion for revenge resembles rather the futile rage of an epileptic peddler than the stern resolve of a fateful avenger. To this it is an easy and evident reply that the part as originally cast in Shakespeare's time ranked almost as a buffo role, and was given to the low comedian of the company. But even admitting this, with all its implications, it would only go to show that genius often builds better than it knows. Shake-

speare would not be the first who, implicitly following his inspiration, has thrown upon the page what might have been a song but in effect turned out a sermon. If with primary intent to amuse the author has given us a picture able to powerfully move and instruct, so much the better for Shakespeare—and for us.

When these comments were made, some fortnight ago, we had hardly anticipated so speedy a chance to point the moral by reference to a rival interpretation. Without claiming for Herr Possart that he has exhausted the possibilities of the role, it may be briefly said that, wherein he does not resemble Mr. Irving, he seems to us to come nearer the ideal of his personage. In the earlier scenes, his clear enunciation, sonorous voice, and assured and dignified bearing, contrast favorably with the grotesqueness of his rival. He is more palpably what Shylock ought to be—a clear-headed, intellectual man, conscious of his own value and sustained by a certain personal dignity even in face of his abnormal position. With perhaps some slight lack of finish in delivery, Herr Possart was in these scenes still simple, clear and strong.

The scene with Tubal in Act III. has been rather violently treated by the German adapter, in making Shylock rush in, hounded by the populace, who jeer him for his loss in daughter and ducats. It strikes at once a note of intense passion, and was acted with a slight tendency to rant, indeed, but with fine fire and intensity. The climax in the lines—"The villainy you teach me I will execute," was well led up to, and given with startling dramatic effect.

The trial scene offered some curious points of comparison with the English artist. All the earlier part of the scene is played by Irving in a very quiet key, with the calm fixity and doggedness of a resolution too set to admit of anything like distracting thought or obtrusive expression. Possart plays it with the fierce intensity of a consuming hate and the triumph of a purpose on the edge of fruition. One of his bits of business seems comparatively new and certainly interesting. Throughout the scene, until absolutely forced by stage exigencies, he never takes his eyes from Antonio, fixing him, as he stands at the other wing, with the baleful glare of fierce animosity and the deadly fascination of the serpent for its victim. His facial expression here, as throughout, was a study in itself. What words he has to say to the other characters are almost careless and *distrait*, as if he feared by relaxing the fixity of his mental and physical attention to lose his grasp over his enemy. His precious bond he carefully holds up with both hands to Bellario's view, snatching after it with childish petulance and feverish anxiety when it is taken from him. The flash of baffled fury in which, after Bellario's decision, he rushes at his enemy with upraised knife, is psychologically justifiable but hardly warranted either by text or by stage convention.

The brief ten minutes after the decision really constitute Herr Possart's triumph, and stamp him as an emotional actor of the first rank. The utter mental and nervous collapse after the fearful tension of the earlier scene, the rage, shame and despair of the disaster which has befallen him in the moment of fancied triumph, the utter heartbroken hopelessness of his surrender, and the abject feebleness of his murmured plea for mercy, were given with really heartrending pathos. It is a splendid testimonial to Herr Possart's art that the sympathies which had hitherto been, as of right, against the Jew, at once and impulsively went over to his side. When an almost hysterical woman near us sobbed out, "Oh, the poor old man! the poor old man!" she probably voiced the feelings of nine-tenths of the auditory. Thus in an instant to convert contempt and hatred into pity and sympathy is the work of an artist. That Herr Possart simply merits the title, few, after witnessing this harrowing scene will care to deny.

Herr Rank, a well-known and excellent low comedian, made a very good Launcelot, and Walter gave a capital little character sketch, in ten lines, of Old Gobbo. Otherwise the support was commonplace or feeble. Bassanio, in his amorous ardor, went to the limits of burlesque, and the sable Prince of Morocco, well beyond. The gracious lady of Belmont found an inadequate representative in Emilie von Aichsberg—a rather mature artist who combines a kittenish vivacity with a ponderous and awful port and presence. When the German adaptation, excising the last act, winds up the whole imbroglio, rings and all, with twenty hasty words, at the end of the court scene, most of the audience probably gave a sigh of relief. They had had their fill of emotion, and thirsted for no larger portion.

At the People's on Monday Thatcher, Primrose and West opened to a packed holiday audience. As their performance was recently noticed at length in these columns, it is unnecessary to go into detail. They gave an excellent entertainment and were warmly received. Next week, J. K. Emmet.

The Kimball Comedy company in Mam'zelle made their first appearance in New York at the Third Avenue on Monday evening and packed the house. Kate Foley as Mam'zelle came in for a large measure of applause, which she mostly deserved. Harry C. Clark as Colonel Hiram Foster was clever as well as funny, and his imitations of different actors were excellent. The rest of the company gave fair support. N. S. Wood in his new

play, *The Walk of New York*, is due next week.

The *Hansons in the Le Voyage en Suisse* are doing a good holiday business the second week of their Fourteenth Street theatre engagement. On Monday McNish, Johnson and Slavin's minstrels appear at this house.

Mr. Mansfield's revival of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is drawing large houses to the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The play will be continued another week.

Booth and Barrett are travestied this week at Dockstader's, and other new features make the entertainment interesting and amusing.

There is novelty and variety galore this week at Tossy Pastor's. The show is replete with fun, frolic and melody from beginning to end.

Booth and Barrett are crowding the Academy with their fine production of *Julius Caesar*. The receipts of the two weeks of the engagement will touch a very high figure. Next week Imre Kiralfy's production of *Mazurka*, a Ravel revival, will be seen here for the first time.

Oliver Byron is the attraction this week at the Windsor, where he is playing his successful drama, *The Inside Track*.

Paul Kauvar is playing to good business at the Standard, although it has not excited the furore that was anticipated.

Elaine runs smoothly on at the Madison Square, charming all that see it by its romantic and poetic atmosphere. Heart of Hearts is being rehearsed under the supervision of Charles Coghlan.

The Wife, acted by one of the best casts that it has been our good fortune to see, is still a tower of strength at the Lyceum.

Mr. Harrigan in *Pete* focuses the attention of large numbers of play-goers at the Park, who find in his finished and artistic acting and the excellence of the ensemble endless enjoyment.

Madame Dolaro's play *In the Fashion* was presented on Wednesday night of last week at Wallack's. The piece was criticised by *THE MIRROR* at the time of its original production last Spring at the Madison Square Theatre.

The Henrietta's tooth representation was appropriately celebrated last Saturday at the Union Square Theatre. The visitors enjoyed the performance heartily and found pleasure in the receipt of elegant and artistic souvenirs, containing scenes from the play and reproductions of pictures from the *Boydell Shakespeare* of the *Comedy of Errors*, *Merry Wives* and *Twelfth Night*.

Madelon's last nights are announced at the Casino. A week from Monday the reliable old standby, *Ermione*, will return after its triumphant tour through the country.

The Musical Mirror.

That full-orbed and brilliant planet, once known as Clara Louise Kellogg, has been circling round the metropolis in a slow and gradually narrowing spiral, from which it must eventually drop into the central body. Her orbit has reached New Jersey, and on Wednesday of last week her rays illumined our sister metropolis of Elizabeth, at the Temple Opera House of that ilk. The occasion was brilliant and interesting. Miss Kellogg's long absence from the operatic stage, besides some recent matters of personal history in which the public, with little personal right, still feels a lively curiosity and sympathy, have awakened a warm desire to hear once more an artist so long and so deservedly admired. She was greeted by a large and choice auditory, numbering the best representatives of society in the town and neighborhood, and the concert was throughout interesting and pleasing.

It might be too much to say that Miss Kellogg returns to us in the full bloom of that artistic maturity in which we like to remember her. The skill and taste of the thorough artist are still evident, but the physical resources betray some defect. If, as the old proverb has it, we must suffer to be fair, it is hardly more than natural that with the calm repose of domestic life should come a slight waning of that brilliancy so often associated with suffering. In plainer English, Miss Kellogg looks altogether too comfortable and happy to be the splendid vocalist of long syne. Her voice has lost something of its pristine purity, resonance and delicate, silvery quality, and her execution is less facile and correct than of old. In the final act of *Travatore*, chosen as the second part of the programme, this lack of richness of tone, breadth of phrasing, and certainty of intonation detracted from the beauty of her work. Her pretty ballad, however, in the first part, "I May Marry the Lad, if I Will," was sung with a feeling, a purity of tone, and an exquisite finish of method, she has probably never surpassed. Carlo Spigaroli and William H. Lee rendered efficient assistance in both parts of the programme. Signor Spigaroli has a strong and rich tenor and executes well, though with a tendency to sing *staccato* instead of *legato*, as in his opening duo from *Martha*. Mr. Lee is a good and conscientious artist, well known

to New York audiences from his work with the National Opera company. He has a good *basso cantante*, a baritone voice, and sings with good method and feeling, though without much dramatic fervor. His interpretation of *Di Luna* in the opera selection was highly acceptable, and the lovely cavatina from *Tannhauser*, *Du mein Abendstern*, was given with charming grace and correctness.

Carrie Morse has a rather thin and rasping mezzo-soprano, and suffers from a radically false habit of forming her tones. She has a good deal of dramatic energy, however, and gave efficient assistance as the vengeful gypsy, *Azucena*.

The Madison Square management opened on Wednesday last, at their theatre, a series of afternoon concerts, with a light and amusing programme, comprising ballads, part songs, recitations and, in this instance, a violin solo. The performers, Imogen Brown, Lizzie Maculchol, Laura S. Collins, Messrs. Walker and Ferguson and Master Louis Gustave Schmidt, were all acceptable, and seemed to give great pleasure to a large and particularly good-natured audience of an extremely select stamp. Notable features were some quaint glee by Caldicott, in especial one about little Jack Horner and his Christmas Pie, appropriate to the season. Master Schmidt, who resembles Josef Hofmann, even down to the bow (not the fiddle bow), played an arrangement from Bellini, by Ardit, with notably good method for his years. He is not a phenomenon, but he seems an intelligent, well-trained lad, and it is almost a pity to let him dawn upon the public so prematurely, to the eventual detriment of his training.

A queer number was Miss Collins' little bit of medley, neither recitation nor song, but a quaint sort of chant, with music and dancing, illustrating the minut of our grandmothers.

Enthusiastic Over the Penman.

A. M. Palmer's Eastern Jim the Penman company played last week in Harlem. Its young and gentlemanly manager, R. C. Townsend—brother of Horace Townsend, of the *Tribune*—was thus enabled to spend the holiday week in the metropolis.

"This was our first week stand," said Mr. Townsend in conversation with a *MIRROR* reporter, "and you ought to have come up and seen us, if only to have verified my assertion that our company is second to none that has yet interpreted the Penman. We opened in October for an extended tour of New England, interior New York and interior Pennsylvania. To speak of our success would be only to echo the reports of your correspondent. It has been simply marvellous. Even the week before Christmas business was excellent. I have never seen a play that was better liked by press and public. True, nearly all our season has been one-night stands. But such audiences!—made up down stairs of people who generally avoid the local playhouses and do their theatre-going when visiting in the large cities. Very many of the one-night stands could have been played two nights and the tour have shown the same profit. The local managers, of course, are eagerly following us up for return dates, and I believe that next season will show still greater profits."

"I have spoken somewhat enthusiastically of our cast in Jim the Penman. I've seen them all, and prefer May Brooklyn's Mrs. Ralston to any of the others. Miss Brooklyn is one of the best emotional actresses on our stage, and plays her part with discretion and effect. As for the other roles, with few exceptions it would be difficult to improve upon them. You ask as to our route after leaving New York; here is the official and printed route. This particular Jim the Penman veers southward along the Atlantic Coast."

Gossip of the Town.

Eva Montford, leading emotional roles, will be at liberty after Jan. 7.

Mabel Leonard has left Edwin F. Mayo's *Davy Crockett* company.

On Dec. 31 the Opera House at Tremont, Neb., fell a victim to fire.

Archibald Cowper resumes his season with Fanny Davenport next Monday.

This month Maude Granger plays a week's engagement in Los Angeles, Cal.

The On the Rio Grande company ends its season with the close of this week.

The new leaf recently turned over will begin to fray at the edges about next week.

Mrs. Langtry being ill, the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, is temporarily closed.

William Foot, the veteran minstrel manager has gone into the hotel business in this city.

Harry Rainforth's "Christmas" from his partner, R. E. J. Miles, was a gold-headed cane.

Proctor and Mansfield's new Grand Opera house at Boston will open on Jan. 9, with *The Arabian Nights*.

G. B. Bunnell wires from New Haven: "Jan. 2—Pete Baker, in Chris and Lena, turned people away to-day at each performance at my Grand Opera house."

John Hazelrigg has secured Pauline Markham as leading support in his new play, *One Million Dollars*. Charles D. Lack will manage the company, Harry Chapman having resigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldern Pegg, the former a well-known manager in the English provinces, are in the city. Mr. Pegg has given up management on the other side, and is looking for an opening on this.

Manager T. W. Campbell issues a warning against the piracy of Mattie Vickers' *Jacqueline* by Lillian Kennedy. It is presented under the name of Bob. Reference is made to the doings of the Kennedy-Hassenforder company in another column.

Charles A. Gardner's company presented the comedian and Mrs. Gardner with a pair of terra-cotta figures representing an old German couple. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner gave each member of the company a neat present and then invited all to a substantial Christmas dinner. The holiday week was spent in Toronto, where Mr. Gardner reports business as being very large.

The Giddy Gusher.



1888—8 it funny? It's like picking up stitches in the heel of a stocking to write it, and when it's written it looks like a quotation from one of Stephen Fiske's gastronomical essays on theatrical affairs. "We 8, they 8, I 8, 8, 8."

They say that that which you do the first of the year will shape your fortunes for the rest of it. Mine has begun under the pleasant auspices. All the old friendships endure and some very pleasant new ones have been annexed. The first show I attend in the new year I'm very particular about, on account of its bearing on all succeeding ones. So I shall take in the concert at the Madison Square and see if that ensures harmony till the end of the season.

I was sorry about Dolaro's play. I would like to see a successful female dramatist. Broadway is full of the male article. It would be interesting to watch the result of successful dramatic authorship in a woman. I saw the first act of *In the Fashion*, and recognized the result as Coghlan walked on with that big, red, open parasol. James Lewis and I know what can be done to a play with an open umbrella or parasol. It's put up and shut up, every time.

Even Charlotte Cushman—than whom a more sensible actress never lived—was rehearsing a company for the opening of her season. When the manager came on the stage with an unstrapped umbrella in his hand—as he talked he twiddled with the snap and continually threatened to untie it, but finally retired in good order. Charlotte gasped as he disappeared in the dim aisle, groping for the street.

"If that man had opened that umbrella," she said to her faithful old darkey maid, "I believe I should have put him off his own stage. It would have ruined the season."

"Fo' suah," said Dinah; and that umbrella settled Dolaro's play—that and some other things. On the drop of the first curtain I said, in the words of the poet Longfellow—

The night will be full of trouble
If ever I sit out this play;
So I'll fold my seat
And pick up my feet
And silently steal away.

(Note to compositor: This quotation is correct. Be careful how you handle it. When I quoted that beautiful simile of the poet, Robert Ingersoll, the other day, where he speaks of life as a bridge that "from gloom emerges and on shadow rests," you made me say "no shadow rests." One of the papers has been accusing Mr. Ingersoll of misquoting Shakespeare, and says it is easier to forgive his unbelief than a Shakespearean error. Ten to one it's the compositor in his case. How we great people do suffer!)

To go back to Wednesday night. I reached the street and found the world cold and cruel and full of wind, so I blew up to the Standard to take a shriek of Anarchy. Behold, they were doing it quite another way from the first night, and a crowded house being spellbound on its exciting situations. Louise Rial, who had rehearsed herself speechless for Christmas night, had recovered her voice, and was one of the most forcible and picturesque members of the company. She's a fine dramatic creature, full of life and color and action—and sound on Wednesday. She makes a glowing maid and splendid foil to the moonlight beauty of her mistress, sweet Annie Robe.

Haworth had changed much of his business, rightly concluding that if Paul Kauvar is a "man of iron" he wouldn't be likely to cry over all the furniture, and fall round on the floor even if his wife did leave him. He has altered his methods in that act and made most effective points by appealing direct to Heaven to get her back, though he should get the other place in consequence.

I do so enjoy domestic felicity on the stage—it's the only place where it really exists. I sympathize with Haworth, and feel bad for Annie Robe, and when the curtain falls I picture them going home together to commence housekeeping and live happy ever after. Do you get to thinking that way of professional people? It seems to me as if Frederick Paulding must be walking round the world with Margaret Mather on his arm, and I never meet Dora Lewis with the eccentric comedian, James Lewis, but it seems wrong, and they are doing Mrs. Gilbert an injury. I don't know what Rose Coghlan thinks when she sees boy Tearle babies looking out of Minnie Conway's windows, George Osmond was her property through so many successive seasons at Wallack's that to justify things a divorce notice ought to have accompanied her starring tour. I know that Mr. Robinson must consider the conduct of Mrs. Agnes Booth and

Mr. Schoefel as very peculiar, to say the least of it.

The other night at Wallack's a lady beside me said on the entrance of Eben Plympton. "Oh, that's Effie Ellsler's husband." "Not much," said I. "I mean he used to be her husband such a long time in Hazel Kirke," corrected Miss Blank.

That set me thinking of that which I have just written, that unconsciously the stage picture lives in one's memory, and artists who live almost strangers to each other are linked in our mind, like Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis in the funniest photograph ever taken, that of the Professor and his wife in *A Night Off*.

Having satisfied myself that Anarchy had taken root at the Standard the Gusher and Maria witnessed the close of the evening at the Corsair, and I assure you the close of the entertainment could have been packed in a cigar box, and the front seats looked as if the Southerland sisters had never been born and their Restorer never discovered.

Since we asked Joe Haworth the other day to "mention something an actress would like to have sent her."

"Centre of the stage, every time," replied he.

Oh, we are getting so playful! I have got something like a quart of letters lately telling me which gusher they like best. A number assure me I am at my best when sad. Others, regular Bench show folks, cry, "Give us some more dog-stories; you are a born canine historian." But the playful dodge has the call, and over and over again I am entreated to be funny. The effort may be painful; but, as a public servant, I shall make it, and wish my friends would send in anything funny they have said lately.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," says some old Greek philosopher—Socrates, Euripides, or Cantharides. Good morning.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Mere Tanks are Free for All.

Judge Lacombe, of the United States Circuit Court, has rendered an important decision as regards the right to use mechanical contrivances in plays without affecting copyrights. The case is that of Thomas K. Serrano against Charles B. Jefferson, to restrain him from using the tank in *A Dark Secret*. The decision is as follows:

"The plaintiffs have elaborated Mr. Vincent Crummies' dramatic conception of a real pump and wash-tubs. In the fourth act of their play, entitled *Donna Bianca*; or, *Brought to Light*, they set in the stage a real tank, three feet square and seven feet deep, filled with natural water. This water flows through a trough from behind a battlement wall at the rear of the stage through arches, falling into the tank and running off underneath the stage. The water in this tank and trough represents a river. It is crossed by a bridge, upon which, after an angry dialogue between the hero and the villain of the play, when ensues a struggle in which the villain falls through the bridge into the water below. Plaintiffs allege that their play is copyrighted, and by virtue of that circumstance pray for an injunction against the defendants. The latter are managing and producing a play called *A Dark Secret*. Here, too, there is set in the stage a tank considerably larger than the plaintiffs' tank and trough, also filled with natural water and intended to represent the Thames. Into the tank the heroine of the play is, after appropriate dialogue, thrown as from a pier. It is alleged that these immersion scenes in the two plays are prominent features and add greatly to their attractiveness.

"There is nothing original in the incident thus presented on the stage. Heroes and heroines, as well as villains, of both sexes have, from a time whereof the memory of the theatre-goer runneth not to the contrary, been precipitated into conventional ponds, lakes, rivers and seas. So frequent a catastrophe may fairly be regarded as the common property of all playwrights. The plaintiffs' contention is founded solely upon the circumstance that in their play (as they claim) the river into which the fall takes place is mimicked by a tank filled with real water instead of an apparatus constructed of cloth or canvas. Such a mechanical contrivance is not protected by a copyright of the play in which it is introduced. The decisions which extend the definition of 'dramatic composition' so as to include situations and 'scenic' effects do not cover the mere mechanical instrumentalities by which such effects or situations are produced. The plaintiffs upon the argument referred to Daly vs. Palmer (6 Blatchford, 264) as sustaining their contention. This case does not go to that extent. The practicable railroad tracks and the counterfeit locomotives which run upon them in two plays analyzed by Judge Blatchford in *Daly vs. Palmer*, suggested the name railroad scene as generally descriptive of the portions of these plays in which they were introduced. The tracks and locomotives, however, were mere links in an extended chain of incident, speech and action which, together, represented a series of events concededly novel, and which in the opinion of the Court, constituted a dramatic composition. Because in both plays there was found the same series of events in the same order represented in a manner to convey the same sensations and impressions to the spectators, it was held that the representation of the latter was a piracy of a material part of the invention incorporated in the former.

"The motion for injunction is dismissed."

Fragments.

SUSPICION.

Hence, send! Thy presence foul excludes
All light and beauty from my life:
More welcome ghostliest solitude
Than this unequal strife.

With phantoms which I cannot keep at bay,
Turn whoso'er I may.

Suspicion—poisonous breath of hell!
My soul is sick even unto death.

Unloosen thy demonic spell,
That I may draw one breath

Of the pure atmosphere where those
Who love the truth repose.

Suspicion—wherefore and from whence?
To me, who faint, through seeming ill,
Would find in trust a recompense
My yearning soul to fill.

A thousand times deceived I still would be,
So I escape from thee.

Better to sorrow over love betrayed,
And bear the inevitable pain,
Than dwell with human-kind, afraid
To love or trust again.

Ev'n death were sweeter far to me
Than such a life would be.

Come back, my faith in human-kind—
That golden bond of sympathy,
Within my inmost heart enshrined.

Are ye all lost to me?
Illusion though 'twere my soul's refrain,
Is still come back again.

Come back, and in the golden light
Which lingers in the evening sky,
Ere the dark mantle of the night
With solemn mystery

Kashrouds me, let me see the way.

—SARA JEWETT.

"SIC SEMPER."

Lovers come and lovers go,
Blossoms fade and blossoms blow,
One bloom smells sweet as any other,
One love lasts as long as does another.

Together we plant it, my lover and I,
As proof of our love—a flower;
And my lover leans closer to me to tell,
As we each of us kiss the dainty bell.

How not even death's awful power
Can make love like ours die.

How in the next world, as, in this,
We will live and love and be true,
Just as from under the snow
Our flower will rise and grow.

And ere its petals anew
For my lover and I to kiss.

Only a little time since then—
The girl's heart is dead, the woman's dumb,
False is my lover long ago,
Barred the flower under the snow;

Never again will the same bloom come,
Never a lover—the rest are but men.

It's as easy to smile as shed a tear,
As easy to lie as to tell the truth,
My wooer and I kiss the new blossom sweet,
And I think of the one in the dust at its feet;

It's more easy to smile on the new love for
Than forget the lover I loved last year. [Sings]

Lovers come and lovers go,
Blossoms fade and blossoms blow,
One bloom smells sweet as any other,
One love lasts as long as does another!

—E. V. S.

UNCLE BEN.

To hand a letter, or announce a guest,
Was all he ever had to do,
Utterly—we call it at the best,
To laugh, or shout, or cheer, at cue.

Well, that was past—he lay upon his bed,
The mist of death fast falling o'er his face,
And "Uncle Ben" were all the words he said,
Before his soul passed to the Throne of Grace.

Dear Uncle Ben—the one kind heart,
Who ministered unto his needs,
With patience and with gentle art,
Beyond the faith of church or creed.

A merry Christmas, and a bright New Year,
With "peace on earth, good will to men,"
Comes echoing from far and near
The prayer, "May God bless Uncle Ben."

—PEARL EYTINGER.

THE ONE-NIGHT STAND.

The one-night stand, on Michigan sand,
The hall-keeper pictures with eloquence grand,
And says that his is the best in the land—
When he wants you to give him a date.

The public are "hungry" for just such a show;
The last one they had was two months ago,
And the people are crazy to "turn out" and go—
So "his locals" is prone to dilate.

The day you appear the advance sale is light,
But you're told it will surely "pick up" before night,
And though the "prospects" don't look very bright,
You'll have "all you can get in the hall."

This prophecy trite, is true, strange to state,
And as the clock marks the hour of eight,
You're told the "folks here always come late"—
And sometimes they don't come at all.

The music that the furnished makes singers feel blue,
A cornet, a bass, a fiddle or two,
They laugh at the show, but won't catch a cue
And are always a little bit late.

Of course you can't kick, for they all have a trade,
Some work in the foundry, some handle a spade;
Strong, healthy men, yet of weak notes afraid—
They leave the "comique" to his fate.

The village hotel, not at all swell—
One towel, queer soap, no gas and no bell;
The eggs always out, the chicken as well—
And breakfast is over at eight.

The landlord modestly asks two per day
And on the top floor stores the "troopers" away,
And worries all night lest they will not pay—
For "troops" have done badly of late.

—CHARLES WARREN.

In the District Court at New Bedford,
Mass., on Jan. 2, a decision was given in the
suit brought by Louise Elissing to recover \$148
salary from the Bennett-Moulton Opera com-
pany. Miss Elissing was charged by Manager
Baker with being rude to other members of the
company and of spoiling a solo in Lynn by
laughing outright. Upon opening her pay
envelope, after being discharged at New Bed-
ford, without warning, but sixty-seven cents
were found therein, the rest having been de-
ducted for fines and money due Irene Murphy
for dress, etc. The verdict was \$38.33 for
Miss Elissing, only allowing for one day in
New Bedford where she claimed a week, and
giving back the \$25 fine imposed for misbe-
havior.

Actors' Dens.

I.

We have heard of the swell mansions of the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Stewarts, and Astors. The cottages, villas, and Summer residences of several of our bond-holding and thrifty actors, who, after years of labor and self-denial, have amassed enough to buy land, and bricks and mortar enough to erect thereon a house. They are justly proud of their efforts, and glow with pride when a paper gives a paragraph to their domestic splendors. But we are not all rich actors. We are not all actors, although by courtesy we are dubbed such. The majority are merely "mimics," and are paid accordingly. We are all great, of course, though managers and the public may not think so. However, it is in ourselves that we are thus and thus; and if "Content takes shelter in our cottage," "Que voulez vous?"

Some of us, nevertheless, have homes to be proud of, homes as "is sich," homes made up of love and comfort, where three square meals per diem make the air redolent of purse and plenty.

I have often wondered why some of the homes of our plodding actors have never been written up. Those of the actor who is always at work, and no matter how bad times are, always manages to get into a snug crib, where he smoothly trills along for thirty-five weeks without creating the least excitement in the public mind, and is placidly content to trot to the post-office (when on the road) to send the weekly order to the missus at home. There are several whom I know whose homes are rare places of economical extravagance. No blotter-on-a-silver dish respectability, but the best porterhouse-and-onions, old Delphian-plebianism, in old slippers and velvet hauberk-smoking jacket with etc. to match.

Respectability, I will have none of you. Come for a walk up Broadway, and I will take you to an actor's den in Bohemia. "What!" I hear you say, "does it exist, save in the hearts of its denizens?" Come, and you shall see.

Bohemia! The very word is music, poetry, art and hardship. And here, right in the heart of a city, with buzz and bustle all around, we shall find it. For your true Bohemian must have the smell of the seething crowd close by. It is harmonious and delicious by contrast. Here we are. Now prepare to climb. "How many?" Oh, only five—on the top, of course. Bohemia isn't to be found in a cellar, although basements are a good deal frequented by Bohemians (with a growler). But here we ascend. Our subject is a Bohemian in the proper, not improper sense. Come along, down that passage. Now then—Hark! by Jove, he's at it! And you've a treat in store if he happens to be in to us. It isn't everybody who can find him at home, although he may be singing at the top of his voice, giving you to understand he is very much at home. If he is not in a receiving humor, you may knock till the brass angel cries "Hold, enough!"

Let us listen a minute. The lovely tinkle of the strings has already started on a journey, and the genial "Come in" transplants us—where? To India, China, San Francisco, Paris? No, simply section one of a Bohemian den. In the rear are three or four other rooms equally quaint, but they are the bear's own quarters, and only the most intimate are invited to view the ceremony of cooking chops, bladders and other Bohemian specialties, over a patent, non-bustable gas stove.

The first thing noticeable on entering is, as an Irishman would say, nothing. For the contrast from the bright light outside to that coming thro' the home-made stained windows, subdued by heavy curtains, is too great to at once detect anything but shapes after. A minute your eyes become accustomed to the change and things reveal themselves. At a glance you take in a museum, an art stove, a New England kitchen, a Turkish seraglio (without the ladies) and a down-town tobacco emporium. Seated in the centre of the room, at a low table, on a quaint and historical stool, is the proprietor of the place and owner of the various curios and gimcracks adorning the floor and walls. Perched on the side and back of his finely-shaped head, that would have been greedily seized upon by an old master, is a faded velvet cap, from beneath which the slightly-tinged locks form fitting links to the frayed and ragged velvet garment which does duty as a smoking-jacket, dressing-gown and general lounging coat. The shirt matches the coat—not in color or texture, for it is linen and clean, but in make and style. Broad rolling collar, and sleeves cut a la his own peculiar self, being without cuffs, wide and roomy where they ought to be. Slippers of felt, noiseless, soft, easy. Such is the appearance of the man at home. In the street he is another being, and to gaze at him standing on a corner, you immediately associate a dog-cart and tandem, or a gingery saddle-horse somewhere in attendance. You would not be far wrong, either, for if you look in the corner you will see hanging below the game-bag and whips, a pair of spurs that are evidently for use and not for show, as the fresh mud upon the straps plainly indicates.

Nearly every article in the room has a history or is associated with some episode in the owner's life. While he plays his ancient instrument let us look around the room. Do you see that handsome "serape," hung over the bamboo rod, doing duty as a portiere? That came from lower Mexico, brought by his brother on one of his visits North. In the nearest corner is a water-bottle of the same country—strings, tassels, etc., just as he took it from the native. The short spout is not intended to suck at, but is to guide the narrow jet of water to the mouth, when held at arms length above the head. Upon its arrival it contained local water, but that is long since dried up, and everyday Croton is now used for visitors to experiment with, to the detriment of their collars and the amusement of lookers-on. If not anxious to try it yourself, you can see the method by looking at the little Mexican clay figures in the cabinet beneath. This cabinet came from some out-of-the-way place in New Hampshire, and seems to have been made expressly for their reception. There is a story with it, of course—doubtless true. Something about a lost will and mar-

riage certificate, discovered behind it after years of legal dispute. At least that's what the keen New England women said who sold it—a fact that at once added fifty cents to its value.

The brass affair on the floor underneath contains the dust—not of his ancestors—but of ages. It is a Russian something or other for making tea. It was green, dull and sad looking when he first bought it; but some matter-of-fact girl-of-all-work, in her master's absence, officiously removed the poetry with a greasy cloth and brick-dust, thus leaving the only bright and discordant blot in the room. The jars, carved boxes, mugs, bits of old silver and brass dotted around are from all quarters of the globe and mutely speak of hours spent in tramping and driving through the by-ways of Israel. The castanets, hanging by the clock (that doesn't go) once belonged to a dancer of the "Bolero." Ah! and thereby hangs a tale, for they represent all that is left of a sweet, sad dream, and looking at them—

He lives again his young life over,
And feels once more the youthful lover;
A pensive pleasure mixed with pain,
When he went spying in Spain.

Upon the walls (which at first glance suggest Spanish leather, but really is ordinary wall-paper shelled over) and pictures as various as the other articles; though, perhaps, the horse is the subject most favored. A spirited and original drawing by Catermole having the post of honor, supported by two sets of antique colored plates in old black frames. One representing "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," and the other, "The Life of a Horse," plainly showing his partiality for the noblest and most ill-used animal that ever fell to the tender mercies of the brute man.

The sketches in oil and water are all originals, gifts from the several artists, and the collection of picturesque photographs comprise specimens from the rocky gorges of the Sierras to the silken undulations of the Bijou chorus. From every picture hangs a hat, cap, token, fez, or Chinese wicker extinguisher, and every available space between them contains a pipe of curious fashion—all foreigners obtained at small cost in and around Castle Garden. Musical instruments, from Chinatown Theatre, suggesting by their length and slenderness excruciatingly high notes, have prominent places. The wainscot is relieved by an ingenious addition of bamboo slats tacked on in Greek device, behind which repose walk-sticks of every wood that grows.

The furniture is as heterogeneous as the rest. Here a low chair from India, there a three-cornered affair from Japan. The stool he sits upon came from some religious institution, and has been wont to sustain more devout dignity, though never more resolute seal; for, as he plays, you can see his whole soul is in his occupation, and if the stool is sometimes made to blush at the latest funny story—surely the sweet, low music must make amends and take it back to the anthems and lyrics of his youth. The wicker lounge with its coverings of tiger skins, and the adjacent opium "lay out," is inviting enough to court the sweetest and most romantic dreams, without the aid of the deadly drug, which is the only thing wanting to complete this "joint" of his apartment.

Hanging to the bars of the ruddy fire in the open grate is a brass footman, and inside the high brass fender is a small stack of willow pattern plates, evidently a forerunner of the object of his mysterious visits to the rear. For besides being an artist, a musician, a horseman and a drummer, he is blessed with a keen discrimination in regard to chops and steaks, and can serve up either, with the accompanying onions and flowery potatoes, in a manner worthy of a professional chef. Should you chance to dine with him you will eat with a small silver-mounted knife, as sharp as a razor, and a two-lined fork, as graceful as it is inconvenient; but as he seldom has peas, it's all right. No two pieces of the service are alike, and if his tea or coffee could be improved upon, it would be by the fact that the cups from which it is imbibed first kissed fair lips over one hundred years ago.

At the left of the door hangs a small leaden receptacle for holy water—now degraded to matches, and used probably a great deal oftener than it ever was in its days of sanctity.

But come, let's go. (A paradox.) The music, the fire, the dreamy coziness of the place, have made me sleepy. Let us leave Bohemia and once more join the greedy, burrowing crowds in the wide-awake parts of the plundering Philistines.

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF JOHNSON.

Professional Doings.

—Marie Haynes has joined Fleming's Around the World company to play Acacia.

—Tom Webber is disengaged for light, eccentric and character comedy.

—G. W. Roberts has booked fourteen weeks in the best theatre for next season's tour of McNish, Ramsay and Arno's Minstrels.

—The report of the American Co-operative Dramatic Association, recently filed in Cincinnati, shows liabilities amounting to \$3,486.25.

—A. E. Wheeler writes from Kansas City that the business of Lost in London continues to be good right along "in spite of numerous blizzards in various keys."

—Carrie Tuttle and Harry Pepper will produce Frank Tanshill Jr.'s *Nau's Act* Oct. 16 on Jan. 16 in New Haven.

—C. E. L. Wingate, dramatic critic of the Boston *Daily Journal*, has just issued his "Playgoers' Year-Book." It is a dramatic record of the year, with special reference to Boston, and is illustrated with portraits and scenes. The price is \$1 (bound covers) and fifty cents (paper).

—A leading man is wanted at once for Maude Banks' Joan of Arc company. The company appears in Canandaigua, Lyons and Oneida, N. Y., the last three nights of this week.

—The New Opera House at Athens, Ga., has passed under the management of Horace Crawford. The new house is just completed, and is one of the coziest in the South. The parquet and dress circle are on the first floor, with balcony and gallery above. All are supplied with opera chairs except the galleries. There are cloak and smoking rooms, with lobbies, on the first and second floors, and the house is heated by steam. The stage is 30 by 60.

—Miss Helen Russell, who was formerly the leading lady of the Amaranth Society, was present at the club's performance of *The Silver King*, and frequently applauded the excellent work of the actors, expressing wonderment at the strides in the dramatic art her former associates had made since she had last witnessed an Amaranth performance several years ago.

The students of St. Francis College, assisted by the pupils of St. John's School, presented Longmore on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week. The play was written by one of the Franciscan Brothers, and though it displays a commendable originality of the plot, it is nevertheless very speechy and shows a lack of stage technique on the part of the author. Brother Paul, the author, has written another play, called the Irish Landlord, which will be presented in April next.

—Last week one of the Bennett-Moulton Opera companies was to have appeared for three nights in Baltimore, N. Y. The company reached, and the local manager, one Lee, began to send in extra bills on this and that pretext, when the travelling manager put his foot down. Lee then refused to open his theatre. The company remained in town during the three days, and were royally entertained by the residents, who sided with them and condemned Lee's course. The manager of the company has begun suit for damages.

NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

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Aveling, Miss M.
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Butler, C. H.
Bowers, Frank B.
Bryton, Frederic
Beers, F. E.
Biville, Helen
Bart, Laura
Breikock, Anna
Blakemore, H. D.
Brooks, J. E.
Clark, Redfield
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••• The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

An Infamous Stigma.

At their last meeting the Board of Estimate and Apportionment awarded \$9,000 of the 1887 theatrical license moneys to the Actors' Fund. The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents received \$15,000.

While the amount granted to the Fund was much less than the profession had reason and right to expect, it nevertheless is sufficient to materially assist the institution's charitable work during the present year. But why the Board did not apportion to the Fund a sum proportionate to its large increase in revenue from theatrical licenses in 1887 is a mystery. The Mayor, some weeks ago, acknowledged that the money thus collected was practically earned by actors, and therefore should go to the maintenance and relief of sick, destitute and decayed actors in preference to the House of Refuge, over which the Juvenile Delinquent Society presides. Nevertheless, no more was awarded to the Fund than in 1886, while the House of Refuge gets almost double what it then received.

The action of the Board was a rank injustice, by no means in keeping with the spirit of the Theatrical License Law under which the moneys were put into their hands for judicious distribution.

Why should the profession be called upon to support the House of Refuge? Why should it suffer the outrageous imputation that it is responsible in a measure for juvenile crime and, therefore, must help to maintain a corrective institution? Why should the lion's share of the theatre license moneys be invidiously handed over to a reformatory Society while the actors have a charity, chartered by the State, whose needs are growing and continuous? If the Board selected the city hospitals,

infirmaries or charitable works to distribute the license moneys entrusted to their supposedly wise care the injustice done the profession would be less rank and offensive. To give one dollar of them, much less the large sum awarded this year, to the House of Refuge, is a crying shame, an infamous disgrace.

There is consolation, however, in the thought that injustice, like all other species of wrongs, has its contingent penalties. We do not think that public opinion will tolerate such acts as that of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in diverting the license moneys from their proper channel into one whose very existence outrages an honorable and illustrious profession whose place in the popular heart is second to no other.

Bad Dressing-Rooms.

THE MIRROR's demand, in the name of the profession, for decent and comfortable dressing-rooms has penetrated many a theatre-manager's ear, and produced in that somewhat insensible organ a sensation akin to astonishment. Until our investigation began there probably was nobody that paid less attention to the matter than the average manager. Indeed, in a large number of instances, managers did not even know that their dressing-room accommodations were unsuitable, unclean, or unhealthy until they saw specific complaints against them in THE MIRROR.

Since the war on bad dressing-rooms was instituted there has been an unprecedented and salutary overhauling of the rooms behind the scenes in many theatres. The effect is so encouraging that we will keep up the good work until the cause of annoyance and discomfort is completely removed.

Another characteristic sign of the waking up all over the country is noticeable in the large number of letters received by us from managers who call our attention to the excellence of their dressing-rooms and invite inspection. It is not with these that this investigation is concerned; it has to do with the men, controlling theatres, who show an absolute indifference to the ordinary requirements of the professional wayfarer.

One manager of a theatre in New England writes that in his opinion it would have been better for actors to make their complaints direct rather than through the columns of THE MIRROR. This is so, no doubt, from his point of view; but actors unfortunately know the futility of individual pleas and plaints. The course they are taking is the only efficacious one.

The movement of reform is indebted to the *Star* of this city for a vigorous editorial article, which we have reprinted in another column. There is incontrovertible truth in our contemporary's assertion that "to deprive actors and actresses of the decencies of life during those very moments in which they must prepare themselves to make life seem even more beautiful than it is, is to play a trick upon human nature that must materially affect the actor's performance of his part."

Ageing Faces on the Stage.

Taking flight from the pasture of blue grass in Kentucky, bearing for its heraldic blazon a griffin, in all brilliance and vigor, a recent new record from London will give pain to many who have watched the career of the American bird.

"People," it says, "are beginning to find that the heretofore popular actress is beginning to fall off very remarkably in her acting, and, what is worse, in her personal appearance. The lines of her face have become hard and displeasing, and altogether the attractive personality that made her a success at first is gone."

The first emotion of youth, and its first longing, is the sense of wonder. As long as one looks upon the world and its surroundings with fresh eyes it photographs the unseen and the novel.

When that departs the spring of youth may be said to have slackened, and is superseded by the dull and commonplace.

There is no doubt that where the task of acting is felt it wears the spirit of the actor; therefore it is that the vim and esprit of the histrion can be kept alive only by the balsam which creative genius imparts.

If we look at the portraits of those actors who were constantly changing their countenances and enlivening their spirits by a rapid and frequent succession of comedy, drama and farce, in the last century, from the pens of Garrick, Coleman, O'Keefe and others, preserved the life of expression and bore a fresh look to the last.

It is true that great actors like Edmund Kean have iterated their parts, but it is to be borne in mind that Kean possessed so great mobility of countenance and pose

that he was said to never play the same part in the same way so that there was perpetual freshness to him as well as to the audience.

Macready, on the other hand, having no such genius, had to find his variety in new plays, of which he produced more than one that still holds the stage.

It, as is asserted, our favorite American actress has aged before her time, may it not in a considerable degree be ascribed to an adherence to old parts and routine roles which have been well worn by others and provided no opportunity for her to show whatever original genius she may have?

A Valuable Reference-Book.

The Mirror Annual and Professional Directory, shortly to be published, will be a unique and valuable contribution to the literature of the stage. The need of such a publication is often felt by every dramatic writer, and it will form a convenient, compendious, and accurate book of reference. Every theatrical event during the year 1887 will be stated in this record, supplemented by voluminous data of pertinent professional interest.

The Directory feature alone will give the Annual exceptional importance. It will be the first and only complete list published of all active members of the American dramatic profession, with their permanent addresses, and classified alphabetically under the appropriate lines of business. These many thousands of names and addresses are reliable, as they have been, without exception, obtained direct from the actors, actresses, managers, etc., themselves.

This immense compilation has necessarily required the expenditure of a good deal of time, labor, and patience; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that they have been put forth for something which will prove of broad and permanent benefit to the members of the profession.

The book is one that will be preserved for constant reference, and it has been designed with a view to preservation. It will be printed in the best style on fine paper and handsomely bound in cloth. The price has been made as low as the heavy expense involved in its preparation will permit—one dollar. Orders may now be sent to the office of publication.

Personal.

MATHER.—Margaret Mather is playing a brilliant season in Texas.

FORSYTH.—Kate Forsyth has gone over to Britain to make a provincial tour.

MITCHELL.—Mason Mitchell has been engaged to support Dion Boucicault.

HOWARD.—Bronson Howard and his family are sojourning in Ann Arbor, Mich.

WALDRON.—May Waldron is playing her third consecutive season with Robson and Crane.

Charles H. Hoyt's latest, A Brass Monkey, is in course of construction. The first act is completed.

EAGLE.—Oscar Eagle, late leading man with Helene Adell, is playing George May in Allan Day in Washington this week.

BRISCOE.—Ray Briscoe is with Ellsler's Alladin company, playing the Princess. The papers speak well of her work.

SINCLAIR.—Edith Sinclair is still suffering from an affection of the throat, and will be unable to resume her season for several weeks.

TANNENBAUM.—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Tannenbaum, of Montgomery, Ala., recently celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding.

DISCUSSION.—The next discussion of the Nineteenth Century Club will be devoted to the drama. A. M. Palmer has been invited to take part in it.

OSGOOD.—Whitman Osgood of the Washington *Star* comes to this city next Monday. He is anxious to re-enter the profession in a business capacity.

BARRETT.—The first page of THE MIRROR this week bears an excellent portrait of Lawrence Barrett in character, from a recent photograph by Falk.

TAYLOR.—Howard P. Taylor is negotiating with a leading Chicago manager for the production of his spectacle, Snowflake, in that city on an elaborate scale.

EVANS.—Tellula Evans, the soprano, is once more a member of the Tivoli company, San Francisco. She is a great favorite with the patrons of this house.

DINNER.—T. Henry French gave a dinner to Nat Goodwin and his company at the close of their engagement last Saturday night on the Grand Opera House stage.

LUSSAN.—On Jan. 16, at the Fifth Avenue theatre, Zelle de Lussan makes her operatic debut in this city, singing Martha in The Daughter of the Regiment.

WHITE.—Manager C. O. White, of Detroit, merrily opened the new year by banqueting his small army of employees. They in turn presented him with a diamond ring.

AMES.—Amy Ames, the comedienne of Natural Gas, is duplicating her success in A Tin Soldier. She has particularly delighted the San Franciscans with her performance of Kitty Malone in the first-named skit.

JOHNSTONE.—Sibyl Johnstone was taken suddenly ill a few days ago and has been obliged, by her doctor's orders, to retire from the cast of the Henrietta for a week.

BISHOP.—Washington Irving Bishop has so far recovered from the injury to his ankle that he will soon resume his mind-reading entertainments. He is still in San Francisco.

STANTON.—During the holiday week, Edmund C. Stanton, of the Metropolitan Opera House, was presented, by the stockholders of the house, with a Tiffany silver table-set.

MUNROE.—Kate Munroe is reported to have left an estate valued at nearly \$50,000. In her will she directs that her body be embalmed, sent to New York, and buried in the family vault.

POTTER.—Mrs. James Brown Potter opened to an immense audience at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on New Year's night. The critics were not in accord as to her merits or demerits.

LIVINGSTONE.—Carrie Livingstone, a sprightly soubrette, who has been with Barry and Fay, has been engaged by Gas Williams and joins his company next week. Miss Livingstone is petite and pretty, and she is said to be a clever actress.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport is resting this week in town. She resumes acting on Monday next and plays until February 1, when she closes her tour and returns to the city to prepare for the production of La Tosca at the new Broadway Theatre.

James V. Cooke, business manager of Hoyt's Tin Soldier company, arrived on Saturday and left on Sunday night for Boston, where the company appear next week. They will play in and around New York for five weeks, following the Boston engagement.

EVANS.—Lizzie Evans was pleasantly remembered Christmas Day by all the members of her company, among the gifts being a diamond bracelet. At the Kennard House, Cleveland, on New Year's night, the company sat down to a reunion supper.

DICKERSON.—Jenny Dickerson, a young American, is singing with the Carl Rosa company, which is at present touring the English provinces. According to the *North British Mail* Miss Dickerson scored a notable success as Azucena recently at Glasgow.

MONTGOMERY.—The printed statement that George Edgar Montgomery is going to turn public reader is untrue. Mr. Montgomery informs THE MIRROR that he has no aspirations in that direction. He is a man of letters and a journalist, and such he proposes to remain.

ELLIS.—Mrs. Ellis, the sprightly "Max Elliot" of the Boston *Herald*, paid a short visit to New York last week. These trips are always fruitful, for they furnish the text for lively letters in the *Herald*. Mrs. Ellis wields a fluent and graphic pen, and the skill with which she handles a large variety of topics is the envy of all the women journalists at the Hub.

SHERIDAN.—Emma V. Sheridan played the part of Rebecca in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde when it was originally produced in Boston and met with pronounced success. When the piece was done at the Madison Square she was too ill to appear and the part was undertaken by her understudy, Helen Gildden. Miss Sheridan is again playing the part at the Fifth Avenue and her work meets with hearty approval.

HILFORD.—Marie Hilforde presents a fine record of three seasons' dramatic work. The press throughout the country have paid her homage in such roles as Nellie Denver, Leah, Blanche Gordon in Fate, Annie Lee in Enoch Arden, the Duchess in Lady Clare, Nance in The Quadroon, etc. Her most recent success was as Nellie Denver in The Silver King. Miss Hilforde is a handsome young woman and an actress of much versatility, playing a wide range of parts.

WINGATE.—Charles E. L. Wingate, the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Boston Journal*, will shortly publish a Dramatic Year-Book. This will contain in interesting narrative form a history of the dramatic year in Boston, together with a large number of illustrations of the principal scenes in the plays described. The book will contain other matter of much interest to player and playgoer and its sale in the profession should be large.

CAREY.—Edna Carey assumes the leading part in A Dark Secret for the rest of the season, beginning on Monday next in Brooklyn. Miss Carey has a peculiar fitness for the heroines of melodrama, and, as she takes to the water like a duck, her success is almost a foregone conclusion. She has been going over to Newark to rehearse in the tank this week, and it is safe to say that the waters of the Passaic have seldom laved a prettier maid.

FUND.—At the next meeting of the American Dramatic Fund Directors, the subject of dividing up the \$53,000 now in the treasury will be discussed. The sentiment of the profession, and, we understand, a large number of members is opposed to such a selfish disposition of money that was raised for charitable and benevolent purposes, and largely by appeal to the public. If the old Fund should go out of existence its capital ought to be given to the Actors' Fund where it will do some good. This was foreshadowed in the latter act of incorporation, wherein such a contingency is legally provided for.

VICKERS.—Mattie Vickers has come into prominence as a soubrette star. Miss Vickers used to be a shining light of the vaudeville, but during the past three or four seasons has

sought and found a wider sphere for her abilities. The lady is a great favorite with Western and Southwestern audiences, and no doubt will some day capture the East. She presents two plays, Cherub, and Jacqueline; or, Paste and Diamonds. To emphasize the subtitle of the latter, her manager, J. W. Campbell, presented her on Christmas eve with several hundred dollars' worth of genuine brilliants. Miss Vickers is a plump and pretty woman, a happy wife, and as much of a favorite in her profession as she is with her audiences.

Growth of the Fund's Library.

Several donations of books have recently been made to the Actors' Fund Library, and it is assuming interesting proportions. It is indebted to B. A. Baker for Shakespeare's Poetical Works and a valuable collection of English farces in four volumes. Ullie Akerstrom has contributed a book of poems, written and published by herself; Gabriel Harrison, his "Life of John Howard Payne;" Mr. Wilson, superintendent of the Forrest Home, "The Life of Edwin Forrest," by W. R. Alger; Branch O'Brien, "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare;" L. S. Gurney, "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi," by Charles Dickens; Frank B. Murtha, numerous books, documents, programmes, etc., relating to the Old Bowery Theatre.

The latest acquisition is due to the generosity of F. H. Jenks, of the Boston *Transcript*, and comprises the following: A complete set of "Les Soirées Parisiennes," 11 volumes; "La Vie Parisienne," 1884, by Emile Blavet; "L'Année Théâtrale," by J. Georges Duval, 1874-5 6; "La Pratique du Théâtre," by L'Abbé d'Aubignac, 3 volumes in one; "London Era Almanac" for 1888; "Musical Notes," by H. Klein; "On Actors and the Art of Acting," by G. H. Lewes; "Souvenirs d'un Impresario," by Maurice Strakoske; "Henry Irving, Actor and Manager," by an Irvingite; "Cours de Littérature Dramatique," by Girardin; "Offenbach en Amérique," "Amusement and Society Gazette," Boston 1885; "La Grande Marinière," by Georges Ohnet; "Entre Amis," stories by various authors; also souvenir programmes of a number of musical and dramatic festivals.

Members of the profession visiting the rooms of the Fund will find on the tables all the current periodical literature, such as *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Magazine of American History*, *Castell's Family Magazine*, *Book Chat*, *American Magazine*, *The Critic*, *The Library Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, *New York Mirror*, *Clippers*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Punch*, *Judge*, *Life*, *Friend's Music and Drama*, *The American Musician*, *Chicago Sporting and Theatrical Journal*, *San Francisco Music and Drama*, *Our Society*, *Amusement Gazette*, all the New York dailies and many from other cities.

Pertinent Comments.

BEHIND THE SCENES.
Editorial in the Star, Dec. 31.

For some weeks our enterprising dramatic contemporary THE MIRROR has been decanting upon the miserable dressing-rooms attached to theatres, and calling upon managers generally to supply better accommodations for that mysterious process known as "making-up."

It scarcely occurs to us who sit before the footlights, amused and fascinated by the gorgeousness of stage costumes, that all this elegance, like the butterfly's, has been donned in an unlightly cell; that the beautiful complexion and wig have been put on before a cracked mirror by the dim light of a single gas jet; that the silk tights and doublets have been struggled into from the uncertain perch of a rickety chair, that the cheerful smile worn by the lovely chorus girls is really a sign of relief that they have escaped for a time from the wretched, stuffy little holes under the stage in which they are forced to prepare for the art of pleasing.

If one-half of what THE MIRROR says be true, and we believe every word of it, there is no more false glamor about the stage than that which induces the popular belief that everything is as cleanly, convenient and comfortable behind the proscenium as before.

If we are asked what constitutes a proper dressing-room, we can do no better than to quote Mr. Richard Mansfield:

"In the first place, a clean floor, a clean carpet and a clean wall; running water, hot and cold, if possible; two good lights on a line with your face, which is easily obtained by movable brackets; say two chairs, a table, not too low, and places to hang clothes; good ventilation and good heat, and the comfortable assurance that there are neither rats nor vermin about. There is hardly a dressing-room in the country where there is neither one nor the other of these points to be found."

Surely this is little enough for the refinement and intelligence of the dramatic profession to expect, and none too much for the parsimony of managers and theatre owners to supply.

Actors and actresses are as dependent upon their surroundings and little comforts and conveniences as other people. To deprive them of the decencies of life during those very moments in which they must prepare themselves to make life seem even more beautiful than it is, is to play a trick upon human nature that must materially affect the actor's performance of his part.

Be it said to the credit of many proprietors of our metropolitan theatres that they have long since forestalled criticism by making their stage appointments as comfortable as possible; but Mr. Mansfield's concluding statement is so suggestive of the disgusting tribulations to which actors and actresses are exposed that we shall not witness a flat failure again without believing that if Romeo and Juliet had been better treated behind the footlights they would have been better received by the house.

THE DRESSING ROOM WAR.

Columbus (O.) Sunday Morning Times.

The dramatic profession, headed by its organ, THE MIRROR, is now making war upon bad dressing-rooms. It is surprising to read of the horrible condition of some of these rooms, as reported by various companies. The worst cases cited are from the New England States. It is some satisfaction to know that we are all right here.

A WELCOME PUBLICATION.

Boston Times.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR ANNUAL will be a welcome publication to the profession.

WHY, INDEED.

New York Star.

Why does the *Star* ridicule Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's pretty poetical contribution to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR? Does not the *Star* know that the poetess gets \$50 for one such effusion, while the play actor whom she rates earns only as much per week?

The Usher.



In Usher
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

It is a pity that Annie Robe is to leave the cast of Paul Kauvar. She has made the hit of the production, and in the part of Diane de Beaumont is doing the best work of her New York career. Miss Robe's determination, it is stated, is due to another engagement that she has entered into—a matrimonial one. The happy man is Wright Sanford, one of the richest and cleverest of men-about-town. It was never supposed by those in club circles that knew him best that Sanford would ever chain himself in wedlock. He is self-repressed, well-bred, somewhat blasé in manner, but kindly and generous in nature. He dislikes show and ostentation, and as one of the old guard of clubmen and gallants has formed a conspicuous contrast to the callow young ruffians of the dude persuasion. Miss Robe and Wright Sanford are both to be congratulated in view of the impending felicitous event.

Several other changes are on the tapis in the Kauvar cast. Robert Hilliard has been secured for the part of General Delaroché. A large sum of money is invested in the production. Twenty-five thousand dollars is named as the figure that a Buffalo "angel" put up in cold cash for the privilege of speculating in Anarchy, of which the author got the lion's share. The Meech Brothers and Frank Sanger are partners in the enterprise.

A note from Mrs. Tony Hart says that "Tony is improving in every way—particularly in speech and strength. The recent public expression of good wishes encourage him greatly. THE MIRROR's compliment in printing his portrait, together with the Gusher's kind words, I feel sure have given him a new lease on life." Everybody will be glad to read of the betterment in Mr. Hart's condition.

The dramatic department of the *Herald* is now in charge of Maurice Minturn. Van Cleef shares the critical duties. Brady is transferred to other work.

A new edition of Robert Ingersoll's "Prose-Poems" is in the press and will shortly be issued. It contains the tribute to Beecher, a recent funeral address, and the magnificent poetical picture of "Life" that appeared in THE MIRROR's Christmas Number for 1886.

Young Salvini has taken up painting latterly, at odd hours. He studied drawing at school in Italy. On Tuesday he presented E. M. Holland with a portrait of the latter, as the old Corporal in *The Martyr*. It is a strong piece of work, rich in character delineation. Mr. Salvini is now at work on a head of Flockton.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, has again been obliged to postpone his long-deferred visit to New York. His workshop is littered with new plays, and orders for new plays. He has just completed a four-act piece for Beerbohn Tree, to be produced at the London Haymarket next Autumn. He has lately begun a four-act romantic drama. Mr. Jones is settled for the season in Regent's Park, occupying the spacious residence in which Alma Tadema formerly dwelt.

The presiding genius of the *Sun* devoted some of his valuable editorial space, the other day, to an analysis of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, "The Actor," that appeared in the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. From this article, it would appear that the genial editor of my more or less luminous contemporary does not appreciate poetry. This revelation would be more surprising if the amiable crank had not shown himself likewise callous to truth and decency in the late Jewett matter.

A daily paper, last Sunday, said that the journalistic frequenters of Hudnut's were startled last week by the appearance in that drug store, at 2 A. M., of Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault and Helen Bancroft, who, according to my veracious contemporary, had invaded Dr. Perry's pharmaceutical precincts at that unchristian hour for the purpose of "buying knick-knacks." If my contemporary had taken the trouble to ask questions, it would have found that the party consisted of the Boucicaults and two friends, neither of whom was the beauteous Bancroft, and that they had not driven away down to Hudnut's on a bitter night merely to "buy knick-knacks." They were on a tour of inspection of divers newspaper establishments. At the *Star* office the

visitors saw the process through which a "special" goes, from its receipt on the instrument in the telegraph-room to its appearance in print. Foreman John Hays, of the *Herald* press-rooms, piloted them through the cellars at Broadway and Ann street, teeming with pots of bubbling metal, thundering engines and mammoth presses. Mrs. Boucicault's small, gloved hand stopped and started in motion again the magnificent new Hoe perfecting press which was printing complete 12-page *Heralds* from a double roll, and dropping them out printed, pasted, and folded to the newstand size at the rate of 400 a minute, or 24,000 an hour. To Boucicault the whole thing was an old story; but his wife and the others found it all very interesting. After a final visit to the amiable Dr. Perry's cheering dispensary (by the-by, the Doctor is called "The Night Editor of Hudnut's") the party drove uptown through the deserted streets greatly pleased with the novel night's experience.

I am told that we are to have a new opera, producing firm in the persons of Clay Greene and Fred. Eustis. These gentlemen have evolved from their more or less fertile brains the words and music respectively of an operatic extravaganza which is said to be a strange admixture of American politics and manners and customs "on a tropical isle in the broad Pacific," as the first line of the opening chorus puts it.

"I don't think it will be a success," remarked a pessimistic friend to the young composer the other day.

"Why not?" asked the latter.

"Because there are not syllables enough in the names of the authors."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, Gilbert and Sullivan, Stephens and Solomon, Cellier and Stephenson. Same number of syllables. See?"

"That's nothing," confidently retorted Eustis.

"Who wrote *Evangeline*?"

"Rice and Goodwin."

"All right, ours is another *Evangeline*. Rice and Goodwin, Greene and Eustis. Same number of syllables. See?"

Entirely aside from the merits or demerits of Selina Dolaro's *In the Fashion*, and yet in connection with the recent production of that play at Wallack's, there has arisen in many minds the thought that the reception of it in certain critical quarters was brutal. The article in the *Herald*, for instance, on the day following was notable for its cowardly cruelty. The headline alone was sufficiently offensive to damn the whole article. I do not wish to be understood as taking exception to any justly adverse opinion expressed in that or any other notice of the piece, or to assert that the personal circumstances of an author submitting a play to the press and public are to influence critical judgment one feather's weight; but I do hold that the scope of criticism is exceeded when it descends to sheer brutality. The truth and the whole truth, should always be told by the critic irrespective of any and all influences of personal consideration. But there is a way that the critic can tell the truth, a way that he can do his plain—if sometimes unpleasant—duty without hurting or giving offense to the subject of his criticism and his readers. It is his province to record his impressions in suitably dispassionate language. It is not to honest opinions that anybody can take exception—it is to the coarse expression of them. The critic's function is dissection, not butchery. In the present case the *Herald's* fault is emphasized by the fact that the author of the play is a woman and a confirmed invalid. These considerations certainly do not extenuate its tone toward *In the Fashion*.

Madame Dolaro might have known that her piece had little chance of success at Wallack's, no matter what its qualities. Failure has become proverbial there under the new regime. Look at the record—*The Mousetrap*, *Caste*, *School*, *Forget-Me-Not*, and now *In the Fashion*. The list begins with a fiasco and ends with a failure, with a series of fruitless attempts to galvanize some hopeless dramatic corpses sandwiched between. Is this what Mr. Abbey calls management? Is this a pleasant retrospect for the midseason? If Mr. Abbey was really serious in his determination to compete with other stock companies why, in the name of all that's sensible, didn't he secure some plays for the purpose? He will recall that at the very beginning of his season THE MIRROR accurately predicted the fate of the enterprise. Except as an observer and chronicler of dramatic events I have no special interest in the matter, but to me, as to everybody else in this metropolis that appreciates managerial tact and taste, it is positively aggravating to witness the steady decline of a theatre which bears an illustrious name, a waste of effort and expense, and the demoralization of a notably clever company of actors.

The fate of L'Abbe Constantin, the play that will follow Dolaro's, is of course to be settled. It is new at all events and for that reason is distinguished from the most of its predecessors. But it has two disadvantages. The first is that the story is free to whoever pleases to use it for dramatic purposes, and several versions are already in the market; the second is that its interest centres on an old man. Even in the hands of so experienced an actor as John Gilbert it is difficult for such a part to attract. The public can generally be

counted on to find pleasure in the throb of young hearts and the coursing of young blood. With age on the stage it is different. You can scarcely name a successful play in the whole range of the modern drama where an old man or woman stands out as the central figure. It will be interesting to note if L'Abbe Constantin proves an exception in this regard.

Mention of John Gilbert suggests an article in the current number of the *Century* magazine, whose subject is our veteran actor. It is from the pen of J. Ranken Towse, dramatic critic of the *Evening Post*, and it is one of the best of the many critical estimates of Mr. Gilbert and his work that have appeared. The full length portrait of Mr. Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle, by J. W. Alexander, which accompanies the article, is life-like. The smaller character pictures, drawn and engraved in the very extreme of the weak and whimsical style that obtains at present in some of the periodicals which affect the highest of high art, are quite the reverse. It is noteworthy, by the way, that the *Century* and other influential magazines have latterly been devoting considerable attention to dramatic topics.

THE MIRROR increases and multiplies so rapidly that the infection has permeated its staff. Mr. Stockvis, of the local department, was missed from his accustomed haunts yesterday. He was looking after an assignment of a domestic nature, and a dispatch assures me that the news is of extraordinary and vociferous contemporary interest. It is a little girl.

Newton Beers and the Lost in London company gave an entertainment to the convicts in the Minnesota state prison at Stillwater on a recent Sunday afternoon. There were recitations, songs, instrumental music and farces, and the strange audience applauded everything on the programme to the echo. Mr. Beers made a speech at the close, in which he told the prisoners that there was "always room at the top," a cheering sentiment that evoked enthusiasm. The entertainment made one bright Sunday in the old year's fifty-two for the Minnesota convicts—all the rest were spent in the silence of the cells, a custom that makes the Seventh day more dreaded than the six days of hard labor.

For several years past THE MIRROR has enjoyed the privilege of publishing the Dramatic Diary of Mr. William Winter, the distinguished critic. In this issue the Diary for 1887 is presented in its entirety. The profession and professional writers are indebted to Mr. Winter for a consecutive chronological record of the theatrical events that dates back a good many years. The utter absence, heretofore, of any other regular and reliable chronicle in *pencil* makes this series especially valuable.

Defiant and Cunning "Black Flags."

More than once THE MIRROR has referred to the pirate craft having the name of Lillian Kennedy nailed at the masthead. Our Bethlehem (Pa.) correspondent recently ran across the craft, which is captained by one Hassenford, a Philadelphian. We append an interesting story told by the correspondent:

"One of the most defiant, and consequently most dangerous piratical crews that ever landed in Bethlehem, anchored here for a week in December, and took possession of the Lehigh Theatre. They played to the poorest business known since the opening of the house. This Lillian Kennedy Comedy company opened with Bob, which is no other than Mattie Vickers' *Jacquine*. Then followed *Divorce*, which some of the programmes designated as *Sallie and Muggs*, *Fun on the Bristol*, *Peck's Bad Boy*, and *M'liss*. The last-named was disguised as *Clip*, but the players were so badly up in their parts that they forgot themselves and addressed the heroine as *M'liss* instead of *Clip*. Manager Hassenford—who, by the way, is a son of the well-known safe manufacturer of Philadelphia—is Miss Kennedy's husband. He is defiant to the extreme, and told your correspondent that he had just as good a right to present these plays as any one else. Nevertheless, he is very shy in his operations. No announcement of a play is made until the evening prior to its performance. The company, excepting Miss Kennedy, is a poor bundle of sticks. The performances were tiresome to a degree."

THE MIRROR's Lynn (Mass.) correspondent is always on the alert for play-pirates, and has made some good "finds." But once he has found a mare's nest; but let that pass. He writes of a new discovery:

"De Lydston and Dunn, mentioned by your Milford correspondent, are two of the jolliest pirates in the business, and hail from this city. They are actors of fair ability, but prefer to be Bohemians of the brigand order. Dunn is an old camp-follower of the late brilliant but erratic young actor, "Teddy" Byron. The Bohemian instinct is as strong in Dunn as it was in poor Teddy. Two or three years ago De Lydston was doing heavies in *The Bandit King*. The reasons why I have never "got on to them" are these: Their *modus operandi* in this region has been to advertise Hazel Kike, Joshua Whitcomb, etc., and then put on three dinky farces. I swamped two or three performances—one in Swampscott and one in Peabody—about a year ago, and of course I could do nothing, as they merely advertised to get the people to come and see them. I know them and am on the best of terms with them, and they both know that I would not spare them in this matter of piracy."

Hart's Sensation Comedy company, starring Harry Amlar, has been often referred to in our showing-up of play-pirates. William Hart and H. W. Amlar are the proprietors. They advertise two sensational plays, *Counferfeit* and *A Living Lie*, but on their letter-heads the following repertoire is presented, probably as a bait to managers with whom

they desire to book. Monte Cristo, My Partner, Nobody's Claim, Rosedale, The Shaughraun, Queen's Evidence, Mountain Pink, Fogg's Ferry, Joshua Whitcomb, and Hearts of Oak. Amlar tried to secure the week of Jan. 16 at Mount Vernon, O., but Manager L. G. Hunt replied briefly and to the point—"No open time." This man Amlar, while with a circus last Summer inundated managers with applications for dates. Many managers forwarded his letters to THE MIRROR, and the pirate or impostor, whichever he is, was deprived of many a date by the little attentions shown him from time to time in these columns.

"We stopped an organization on last Saturday from playing Joshua Whitcomb in Milford, Massachusetts," said Manager E. A. MacFarland to a MIRROR reporter the other day. "They were billed to appear afternoon and evening, and styled themselves the Original Joshua Whitcomb company. We are stopping these pirates all over the country and intend to continue it regardless of expense."

Mr. Bidwell Rises to Explain.

Manager David Bidwell claims that Manager Harry Greenwall has willfully misrepresented the facts antecedent to and in connection with the lease of the New Orleans Grand Opera House. Manager Bidwell has written the following statement of his side of the case, under date of Dec. 29, and sent it to THE MIRROR for publication:

"In your issue of Dec. 24, in an article headed 'Mr. Greenwall's Protest,' I find the following remarkable paragraph:

"I can prove," says Mr. Greenwall, "that Manager David Bidwell was also a bidder. It is on record that he wanted a renewal of his lease of the Grand Opera House, New Orleans. I can also prove by his treasurer at that house, that it has not had a losing season in the last five years. I am well satisfied with my venture. I am not ruffled over Mr. Bidwell's parting kick. Let your New Orleans correspondent interview any of the following gentlemen, and he will get a heapful of facts somewhat at variance with Mr. Bidwell's statements: Judge G. H. Braughn, President of the Grand Opera House Association; Mr. E. H. Fairchild, secretary; Mr. Toby, cashier of the Canal Bank; Mr. Pi ley, wholesale druggist, and Mr. C. M. Soria—all on various committees of the Association. I do not wish to poison the profession. All the big stars prefer to play at the Grand Opera House—Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Emmet, Abbott, and so on down a long list. Mr. Bidwell could not secure a renewal of the house at any price."

"The above is so entirely devoid of truth, as to make its publicity a libel on me. In order to show you how willfully this man has prostituted the columns of THE MIRROR, I send you herewith the printed report of the President of the La Variete Association (owners of the Grand Opera House, in this city) to whom Greenwall refers for a corroboration of his rash assertions. The report is dated December 6, 1887. From the third-page, I take the following:

"Bids were solicited up to the first of November last, when the same were to be opened and acted upon. For various reasons this was not done, however, until about the middle of November, when all the correspondence in relation to the lease of the theatre, and the bids presented were read before the Board; two positive business-like bids were found, one from Mr. Robert J. Lowden, manager of the Avenue theatre, in this city, who offered \$6,000 per annum for the theatre, for a term of one or more years; another from Messrs. H. Greenwall & Son, of Galveston, Texas, who offered \$6,500 for the theatre, for a term not exceeding five years. As Mr. Bidwell, the present lessee, had made no bid, the Board adjourned for another week, and the members determined in the meantime to make all the inquiry they could in relation to the proposition before them. At a meeting of the Board, held on November 21, they accepted the bid of Messrs. H. Greenwall & Son, at the rate of \$6,500 per annum, for three years."

"It seems too bad that Greenwall should start his New Orleans career with a lie on his lips; and should thus force the lessees of the Grand Opera House to a recorded contradiction of his statements. Continuing on pages five and six of his report, the President says:

"I confidently submit that considering all the advantages herein offered, that the Board has made the best possible lease of the property. Mr. David Bidwell, the present lessee, made no bid of any kind whatever."

So much for Greenwall's call on Judge George H. Braughn. As he also challenges H. W. Fairchild, Secretary of the Association, I inclose you the following certificate signed by Mr. Fairchild, and Richard Sinnott, the Vice-President of the Association.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 27, 1887.
We, the undersigned, hereby certify that Mr. D. Bidwell was not a bidder for a renewal of his present lease of the Grand Opera House, in this city, and that the printed report of George H. Braughn, Esq. (President of the La Variete Association, owners of the Grand Opera House), of Dec. 6, 1887, on pages three and six, specifically states that fact. On the contrary, Mr. Bidwell, in a letter dated April 10, 1887, asked President G. H. Braughn, for the Association, to cancel his present lease.

K. SINNOTT,
Vice-president La Variete Association.
H. W. FAIRCHILD,
Secretary La Variete Association.

"Here then is the flat refusal of Greenwall's statement by the President, Vice President and Secretary of the Association. Below, I append the signed statement of Gus. Ringe, Treasurer of the Grand Opera House, to whom Greenwall also calls your attention:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 27, 1887.

H. Greenwall's statement in your paper of 24th inst., that he can prove by me that the Grand Opera House in this city "has not had a losing season in the last five years," is made without the slightest foundation of truth.

[Witness—A. ROIG.]

"I sincerely regret that THE MIRROR's columns should have been polluted by this man to such an extent as to call forth a clearing up from me."

"THE MIRROR will, I hope, take official notice of such unanswerable documentary evidence as I here inclose to substantiate what I have said. I am quite content to leave this matter now in the unprejudiced hands of THE MIRROR and the profession."

Mr. Bidwell encloses a printed copy of the La Variete Association report, from which he quotes, and the originals of the statements of Messrs. Sinnott, Fairchild and Ringe.

Echoes of Christmas.

A JOY FOREVER.

Lowell (Mass.) News.

We gladly turn to a copy of the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. It is not only "a thing of beauty" but is "a joy forever." Within its covers, rich in artistic beauty of design and thought, may be found some of the choicest contributions of literature and art. Even if one had not seen its title, "Christmas Number," he would be led to thoughts of humanity and Christian influence so characteristic of Christmas tide, so much that is elevating pervades its pages. In this connection it may not be out of place to remark that, although the *Star* is popularly characterized as unchristian, its artists write with every line filled with religion without mention, after the style of Dickens, and leading to thoughts of true Christianity. In this respect THE MIRROR reflects Christmas as a mirror and should be read by the millions.

GOOD READING FOR A WEEK.

Albany (N. Y.) Union.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR,

the leading dramatic journal in this country, is at hand, and is one of the brightest and most perfect special issues ever placed before the public. Inclosed within its artistic covers are a host of good things by popular writers, both within and without the professional ranks, besides a number of original engravings, prepared expressly for the occasion. Its editor, Harrison Grey Fiske, is to be congratulated upon the success of the number, as well as for the excellent standing he has given his paper. The tone is literary as well as dramatic, and the several efforts indicate genius. The number is good reading for a week.

OF INTEREST TO ALL.
Providence (R. I.) Journal.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is one of the best that that enterprising journal has issued. It appears within two brilliantly illuminated covers, one bearing a handsome portrait of Manager A. M. Palmer. Within are contributions from a great number of professionals on a great variety of subjects and in a uniformly entertaining vein. Among the writers are Henry Irving, Dion Boucicault, Nym Crinkle, A. M. Palmer, Brander Matthews, Marie Wainwright, Robert Hilliard and others equally well-known. Many illustrations are given, several poems, one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a quaint dissertation on "Burglars," by little Elsie Leslie, whose experience with them on the stage was recently shown to the Providence public. The number is of interest, not only to professionals, but to all interested in the theatre.

SURPASSES ALL FORMER EFFORTS.

Columbus (O.) Sunday Morning News.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR surpasses all of Mr. Fiske's former efforts in that direction. The cover is beautiful in conception and coloring, the illustrations and portraits within are extremely artistic, and the thirty-five pages contain contributions from leading actors, actresses, journalists and dramatists. I rejoice in Mr. Fiske's prosperity, for he certainly deserves it. I can rely on any criticism in THE MIRROR as intelligent, honest and final, and an assertion in its columns is as acceptable to me as an affidavit would be duly signed by Harrison Grey Fiske.

A WORK OF ART.

Oakland (Cal.) Evening Tribune.

The player-folk, writing for one another and for the public, have filled the pages of the Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR with interesting matter. In the main connected with the stage and to a large degree reminiscent of personal experiences. The paper is a work of art of both the authors and the engravers. Two of the illustrations are in a high degree worthy of commendation—the photograph of Robert Downling, which is as soft in tone as the finest steel engraving; the other the lithographed portrait of A. M. Palmer, which is as dainty as an oil painting.

A JEWEL OF BEAUTY.

St. Paul Daily News.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is truly a jewel of beauty and literary merit. Its finely printed pages are well filled with excellent contributions from well known members of the theatrical profession, and the illustrations are marvels of beauty. THE MIRROR has always been foremost on souvenir numbers, but this year, with the usual enterprise of its brilliant young editor, Harrison Grey Fiske, it surpasses all previous efforts. And, by the way, it might be remarked that THE MIRROR is the recognized organ of the better class of the theatrical profession.

THE HIT OF ITS CAREER.

Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a beauty. The illustrations are admirable specimens of art, and include a number of portraits of well-known theatrical and literary people. The letter press is of perfection of typography. The twenty-five pages of standing matter include sketches by Dion Boucicault, Horace Townsend, C. Maynard, Nym Crinkle, Fannie Edgar Thomas, Joseph Helton, Jr., Scott Marble, Milton Nobles, Chas. Ford, Clay M. Greene, Collis Sturdevant, Frederick Warde, Brander Matthews, and others of note. THE MIRROR makes in this issue the most pronounced hit of its career.

AN EPOCH IN DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

Duluth (Minn.) Daily Tribune.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR has been received by THE TRIBUNE. It is one of the handsomest and most elegantly gotten-up holiday publications ever issued. Its contents are most interesting, and the issue marks an epoch in dramatic literature. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the able editor and manager, has labored hard to build up a theatrical paper in New York, and success now appears to have rewarded his earnest efforts. THE MIRROR is regarded as the leading dramatic and musical authority in the country.

ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST.

San Francisco Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR is one of the handsomest of Christmas publications in style and matter.

ARTISTIC BEYOND CRITICISM.

San Jose Daily Mercury.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is on hand, with its beautiful and appropriate sketches and cuts of artists in the dramatic world and well-written articles upon subjects germane to the profession. We read with great pleasure the sketches in which the dignity and identity of Shakespeare is explained and upheld against the assaults of the Baconites. The technique of the Editor is artistic beyond criticism.

A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR has been received. It is replete with interesting matter, and is the acme of the printer's art. Lithographic presses have seldom turned off anything more beautiful. Its contents are, of course, devoted to the dramatic profession and things interesting to the dramatic profession. It is a triumph of American journalism, and perhaps the handsomest and most magnificent periodical, artistically, ever published in this country.

A LITERARY TREAT.

Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

A HANDSOME CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the leading theatrical journal, has a habit of treating its patrons to a Christmas present every year. This year it has outdone itself. The contents of the Christmas number make a most palatable literary feast. Contributions from prominent actors, actresses, and managers, engravings of popular favorites and choice musical gems from Rudolph Aronson, are a portion of its contents.

A NUMBER OF UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE.

Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette and Free Press.

A HANDSOME ISSUE.—THE NEW YORK MIRROR's Christmas Number is a work of art. It contains finely worked portraits of stage celebrities, other illustrations and a great deal of interesting matter. THE MIRROR is a favorite with many interested in theatrical matters, but its Christmas issue is a number of unusual excellence and variety in its choice of matter.

A BRILLIANT NUMBER.

Nashville Banner.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the leading theatrical journal of the country, is a hand number and contains, among other handsome illustrations, a fine portrait of Kitty Cheever, who is now appearing in vaude at the New York City.

ENCE SOLICITED.

"The kindly, gentle folk most concerned to the heart, stretched forth open hands with generous gifts. But the congregation, with its goodly congregation, even then free from debt and had no need of those gifts to which it surely had right; and so made itself the almoner of the poor and afflicted for those kindly folk. In this connection, and as speaking the present point, I will repeat a notice from this place on Sunday, sixteen years

"The kindly, gentle folk most concerned, touched to the heart, stretched forth their open hands with generous gifts. But the Transfiguration, with its goodly congregation, was even then free from debt and had no need for itself of those gifts to which it surely had no right; and so made itself the almoner of them to the poor and afflicted for those kindly, gentle folk. In this connection, and as speaking to the present point, I will repeat a notice given from this place on Sunday, sixteen years ago.

VARIETY COMPANIES.
 H. NORTON & Co., Trsn. N. Y. Inc.

this month: "The offerings this morning, brethren, will be appropriated for the relief of those now suffering from the recent visitation of Divine Providence in the city of Chicago. . . . It may be known to many of you that owing to something which took place in this church in December last—the discharge of an act of simple, ordinary, almost every-day duty—there were sent to me from Chicago in the early Spring, between eighteen and nineteen hundred dollars. It was the desire of these who sent it that this money should be used for the benefit, in some way, of our church. I constituted it, however, a charity fund, and laid it out in behalf of those from whom it came, in meeting some of the manifold applications which are here continually made by the sick and the needy. A portion of it went abroad to aid in relieving the famine-stricken multitude in France. Other portions were distributed to a number of impoverished parishes in various States of the Union. There is a baptismal font in Ohio; there is a Sunday School library in Virginia; there are gas-fixtures in South Carolina which were therewith provided. And here, in New York, the remainder was used for the Children's Hospital, for St. Barnabas House, in providing shelter and food and clothing for the sick and in burying the dead."

"For that which this incident in the history of the Transfiguration—viz., the burial, and that a number of days before it was known that this burial had elsewhere been refused, of a man who had a right to a Christian burial, was, indeed, made the occasion of accomplishing—I am most grateful, and would give thanks with all my heart to Almighty God. It drew toward the church to which my life has been given, a world of kindly, tender feeling; and it opened wide for personal ministrations and usefulness such a door as few of you may imagine. It convinced many a one who had known nothing of the church—not this Church of the Transfiguration in particular, but the church in general—and her clergy, many a most wretched outcast, that hither he or she could come, and find a heart, hand and an ear ever open, and a priest's lips that could keep knowledge—could keep to themselves, as in honor and duty bound, the knowledge confided to him."

The good man's words respecting a subject that is warm in every professional's heart, will be read appreciatively, we doubt not, by every one connected with the stage.

Notes from Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 23, 1887.

A debut which has been awaited with some curiosity was made at the Opera Comique the other evening. A young Swedish girl, daughter of the celebrated tenor, Arnoldson, who was for many years the leading singer at the Stockholm Royal Opera, was heard for the first time at Paris as Mignon. Mme. Nilsson, it is said, has taken considerable interest in Mlle. Arnoldson, and, after the death of the young lady's father, guided her musical education. Then she passed two years with Mme. Arot de Padilla, at Berlin. Two years ago she made her debut at Moscow as Rosine, in *The Barber of Seville*. A short time before Maurice Strakosch's death he engaged Mlle. Arnoldson for a series of years, and in company with the violinist, Marsick, the young singer made a concert tour in Denmark. It was a question of engaging her at the Opera Comique, at the time of the fire, and she and her sister were in the building on the evening of the disaster; but after the fire the negotiations were interrupted. She now returns to us after having had considerable success in the North. Mlle. Arnoldson is a pretty brunette of about twenty. She is pleasing in appearance and acts well. Her voice, however, is not strong; it is fresh, flexible and sympathetic, and she uses it like an artist. Unfortunately her accent is as marked as Miss Van Zant's, and while this defect is not a serious one in a role like Mignon, it will prevent her from having any great success in the Opera Comique repertory, where there is so much dialogue. Curiously enough Mlle. Arnoldson made her debut in the piece that was given on the night of the fire, in May, and when the audience saw Wilhelm Meister rush into the flames and bring Mignon out in his arms there was a moment's shiver.

Another curious circumstance: Mignon was performed on the eve of the day when M. Carvalho, the former manager, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, two hundred francs fine, and condemned to pay various sums of money to the victims of his carelessness. Of course, he will appeal from this sentence, and the higher court will probably remit the imprisonment. The fireman, André, was also found guilty of negligence, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and ordered to pay, with M. Carvalho, the sums accorded to the families who were civil parties in the suit.

Louis Legendre's adaptation of *Much Ado About Nothing* has been produced at the Odeon with considerable success. I say "adaptation," and not translation, for the author has dealt very freely with the original drama. This is not surprising when we consider that it is a comedy that M. Legendre has attempted to place before a French audience. The number of French persons who read Shakespeare is extremely limited, and those who do know the English poet appreciate his dramas and tragedies better than they do his comedies. The fact is that it is more difficult to make a Frenchman laugh or "see the point" of the English humor of the sixteenth century than it is to make an Englishman appreciate Moliere. The French critics of to-day do not really comprehend any of Shakespeare's pieces except *Macbeth*, *Othello* and, possibly, *Hamlet*, although this drama escapes the comprehension of a lot of them. M. Sarcey explains this fact by saying that each people has its peculiar kind of wit and way of joking, which is utterly incomprehensible to other nations. To understand and enjoy the comedy of a country, the foreign

spectator must know the language and manners of that country; whereas, from one end of the world to the other all people cry about the same things and in the same way. M. Legendre seems penetrated with this idea, for he has taken the dramatic part of Shakespeare's work as it was written, and substituted his own verse for the comic passages that would have shocked French taste. M. Legendre's amputations and substitutions would certainly not please an English audience, but the way he has done his task suits the French taste. His verse is strong, elegant and full of color, and his rearrangement of the scenes has been very skillfully made. M. Povel, the manager of the Odeon, is an admirer of Shakespeare, and whenever he mounts one of the English poet's works he does so in a sumptuous manner. In the present instance the scenery and costumes are superb, and while the eye is charmed by all this magnificence the ear is soothed by the delicate music that Benjamin Godard has written expressly for this occasion. The company of the Odeon is composed of the most part of young actors and actresses; they are not, therefore, always equal in point of excellence, but they are enthusiastic and play with earnestness and spirit. M. Povel's next Shakespearean venture will be *The Merchant of Venice*.

The Comedie-Francaise had hitherto only celebrated the anniversaries of Corneille, Moliere and Racine. This year Manager Claretie added Hugo to the list, and now he has conferred a similar honor on Alfred de Musset. The bill for the seventy-seventh anniversary of the poet's birth was composed of the *Nuit d'Octobre*, the second act of *On ne Badine pas Avec l'Amour*, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, *Un Caprice*, and a one-act *apropos*, partly in verse and partly in prose, by M. Le Corbeiller.

Mlle. Mathilde Pilotte, who died recently at Blois, left by her will a sum of two thousand dollars to the Comedie-Francaise on condition that this theatre give at least once a year a drama entitled *Cesar*, or a translation of one of Shakespeare's masterpieces. M. Claretie has refused this legacy because the rules of the theatre do not permit the production of the work of any author paying to have his piece played. This passion to appear as a dramatic author has turned a good many heads. In the seventeenth century there was a celebrated pastry cook who did a thriving business in the rue Sainte Honore. He had the misfortune to think that he was a born tragic poet, and spent all his fortune in mounting his tragedies. The result was that he died of starvation. Two or three years ago a provincial notary was so staggered that he committed forgery to obtain money to pay for the production of his pieces. He continued these payments for so long a time that finally he had one of his compositions accepted by a Parisian manager; but, unluckily for him, he was arrested just before the first performance and sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

Mlle. Milly Meyer, who has been a star of small magnitude at some of the operetta theatres, made her debut in vaudeville the other evening at the Varieties. The piece in which she appeared was a new one, written expressly for her by Fabrice Carre and Paul Ferrier, and entitled *Our Juremen*. This vaudeville was not a success, either for authors or "star." Another new vaudeville, the *Microbe*, has been better received by the public at the Bouffes, but the piece is not a very solid one. Its authors are two amateurs, Maxime Vitrac and George Dufresne, who mounted the piece at their own expense. At the *Dejazet* we have had still another vaudeville, the *Grenouille*, a joyous piece that seems to please the frequenters of this little theatre situated at the other end of the grand boulevards.

Do the New York ladies dress their hair high and wear hats with enormous feathers when they go to the theatre? Here in Paris ladies are not admitted to the orchestra in all the theatres, and in those houses deprived of the presence of the fair sex the lower part of the auditorium presents a dark and solid mass, the displeasing effect of which is not relieved by the numerous bald pates that are always plentifully scattered here and there. On the other hand, every spectator can see the stage without twisting his neck to the right or left to avoid a mountain of blond, black, chestnut or red hair, surmounted by waves of ribbons, laces and feathers. Some persons having an eye to artistic effect have suggested that the *Francis*, the *Opera Comique* and the other theatres that rigidly banish the ladies and their elegant toilets to the balcony and upper tiers would have a more harmonious aspect if the feminine element were allowed down stairs; but this proposition has been met with protests on the part of all the old bachelors and married men who are in the habit of sneaking off alone to the theatre. A compromise has been proposed by some genius who deserves to try his hand at forming a "concentration ministry" for President Carnot. This gentleman suggests that the ladies might be admitted to the orchestra if they would come without their hats; this would give them an opportunity to show off the marvels of the hair-dresser's art. A few evenings ago certain actresses appeared, minus their hats, in the orchestra at one of the theatres where ladies are admitted. The effect was really very charming. But with the French system of old-women cloak-tenders and the miserable accommodation for clothing in the lobbies, many a fine hat would be crushed on the first evening if the fashion should become general. If the *coiffeurs* are satisfied with the innovation of these elegant revolutionists, the milliner's are decidedly against the proposed change. *Penses donc!* the theatre is one of the best show places for "the latest thing in hats," and as a fine costume is always well set off by a handsome *chapeau*, we may soon expect to see the dressmakers add their protest to that of the milliners.

Madame Adelina Patti-Nicolini, who sang here a few days ago at a concert given at the Opera Comique for the benefit of the French Hospital at London, was, of course, interviewed before leaving for Lisbon. During the conversation the reporter asked the diva what she thought was the cause of Mme. Gerster's loss of voice. La Patti replied that very few singers could bring children into the world and preserve their voice, and she cited Grisi as one of the exceptions. It seems to me that as many instances can be advanced to support the opposite opinion. Sophie Cruvelli, Tadolini, Mme. Carvalho, Mme. Davies, mother of the present singer of the same name;

Sembrich, Ilma di Murska, and Mme. Viardot, to mention only these celebrated artists whose names occur to me, have all been mothers without losing the force or purity of their voice.

Apropos of Patti, here is a story which shows that she considers herself as high in rank as any other woman, if she does call herself Nicolini instead of the Marchioness of Caux. The Southern express train in which Patti and her husband went to Lisbon had among other passengers the ex-Queen of Spain, Isabella, and the Duke Fernan-Nunez, formerly Spanish Ambassador at Paris. The former sovereign of the most Catholic country in Europe naturally had a drawing-room car to herself. At Orleans a hot box or some other accident set fire to the car in which Patti, Nicolini and the Duke were traveling. The passengers were, in consequence, transferred to an ordinary first-class car. When Isabella heard of the accident she invited the Duke and his sons, who are traveling with him, to continue the journey in her car. Whereupon Patti and Nicolini raised a great row, and the tenor asked the conductor why the railway company was more attentive to the ex-Queen than to La Patti? "Because Queen Isabella is the grandmother of the King of Spain," replied the official. "But Patti is a queen, too!" roared Nicolini; "she is the Queen of Song?" He might have added that her salary is almost as great as that of a reigning sovereign, for during her engagement in South America next year she is to receive \$7,000 for each representation.

I notice that Mme. de Murska receives \$10,000 salary as professor at the New York Musical Academy. The professors at the Paris Conservatory are paid from \$240 to \$300 a year for their services. It is fine to be a professor at New York—Meilhac and Milaud's new piece, written for Mme. Judic, will not be given at the Varieties until the month of February. After King Ko Ko the Renaissance will produce a new play by Najac and Milaud, *The Hypnotises*. Busnach and George Maurens, who adapted Jules Verne's *Mathias Sandorf* for the Ambigu, have received permission from the author to dramatize the *Chemin de France* for the same theatre. Jules Lemaitre, the critic of the *Journal des Debats*, has had his "privilege" retired by the manager of the Nonnevautes for some unfavorable notice of one of the numerous flimsy pieces that M. Brasseur is in the habit of giving at his theatre. Massenet's sacred drama of *Marie Magdeleine*, which has not been heard at Paris for a dozen years, was played at the Chatelet concerts last Sunday.

Francois Coppée has been reading his new drama of the *Justices* to the Swiss. This piece was to be played at the Odeon this season, but for certain reasons it has been postponed until next winter. The drama is an historical one, and the action takes place in the Balkans in the fifteenth century. M. Coppée was enthusiastically received at Geneva, Lausanne and Neuchatel. Sardou's *Tosca* is drawing two thousand dollar houses nightly at the Porte Sainte Martin. The Meiningen troupe of Grand Ducal actors is to give a series of performances of classical dramas in German in New York and the other principal cities. Mlle. Arnoldson says she intends to visit the United States as soon as she is at leisure.

STRAPONTIN.

P. S.—Just as I am closing this letter I hear that M. Marchesi, who was Gerster's teacher, says that Patti's remarks about singers and motherhood is all nonsense. The celebrated teacher says that Gerster's nerves have been shattered by family troubles, and that as soon as she recovers her physical strength her voice will be as good as ever. Mme. Marchesi adds that Patti's spiteful remark about Gerster was caused by the recollection of the rivalry in the Mapleson company, three years ago, when Patti was in poor voice and Gerster, on the contrary, sang admirably. *Tonjours aimable, ces dames!* S.

Notes from Holland.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 19, 1887.

The special performance which I announced in my two last letters, and which was to be given on the 17th inst. in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Vondel's birthday, came off with great *eclat* at the Stadsschouwburg. The affair was a most brilliant one, and was a fitting close to the series of performances and literary entertainments that have taken place here and through the country in honor of the immortal poet. The tragedy selected for the occasion was *Joseph in Dothan*, and, as the title indicates, the scene passes in the valley of Dothan, where Joseph is sent by his father Jacob in search of his brothers, is betrayed by them and sold into bondage. It forms part of a trilogy, like many of the tragedies of the Greek classics, whose style and method Vondel in great measure followed, of course with the modifications of difference of belief and of ideas. As a pious and devout Christian, and, in fact, later on a convert to Catholicism, he replaced the *Deus ex Machina* of the ancients, by angels, who appear and often bring about the final climax and unraveling of the plot. Like the Greeks, too, he also introduces a chorus and gives it the same character, making it at times the advisor of his *dramatis persona*, the censor or critic of their actions. In *Joseph in Dothan*, Vondel's lyre is attuned to its sweetest strains, the rich and melodious cadences of his verses, the broad, imaginative figures of speech, the eloquent language, the beautiful sentiments, the scenes so true to nature, which form the distinctive traits of all his masterpieces, abound in the tragedy in question, and full justice was done to it by the young amateurs who interpreted the different characters. All merited the applause so liberally bestowed on them. Not too much praise can be paid to the gentlemen forming the Vondel Committee, the organizers of the performance, and particularly to Messrs. Bouberg Wilson and Avertamp. The first-mentioned, Mr. Bouberg Wilson, is the Director of the Dramatic Conservatory, and it was under his able and thorough personal supervision that the tragedy was rehearsed and staged, whilst to Mr. Avertamp is due the new music for the verses allotted to the chorus; these verses, as in Vondel's time,

were partly sung and partly spoken. Joseph in Dothan was preceded by Weber's Jubilee overtures, executed by an increased orchestra, which wound up by striking up the "Wilhelms," the Dutch national anthem, where upon the vast audience rose as one man, and remained standing until the last notes were heard. This was followed by a few happily chosen remarks pronounced by Professor J. ten Brint, of the University of Leyden. At the conclusion of the tragedy, the curtain was rung up again, disclosing a marble bust of Vondel in a bower of flowers and evergreens, and grouped around it were the young performers of the evening. An ode written expressly for the event by Professor Albrecht Thym, was more than well recited by Miss Roelofson, a talented and promising pupil of the Conservatory. After the ode, the young lady crowned the bust with a laurel wreath, the orchestra played a *fanzare*, and the theatre resounded with cheers and plaudits. Of course I need not say that the public consisted of the *crème de la crème* of the city in literary, political and social circles. Among the lights present of the world of letters was the venerable Nicolaas Beets, whose writings have won for him the name of the Dickens of the Netherlands. Not the least interesting feature of the performance was the quaint form of the programme. It was printed with the type and the wording as in the days of Vondel. Homage was rendered to the memory of the Shakespeare of the Netherlands, not only in his own country and in Belgium, but even in Germany. At Cologne, a metrical translation of another of the poet's biblical tragedies, *Jephthah*, was given at the leading theatre and witnessed by a large audience, including the city authorities. The translation is from the facile pen of Frau Lina Schneider, a distinguished German writer, who is an enthusiast in Dutch literature, and who has done a great deal to make the same known in her Fatherland.

Since my last letter, Marcella Sembrich, under the management of the General Music Trade company, has been heard in two concerts here. The diva, who is undoubtedly one of the foremost lyric artists of the day, and whose name is mentioned in a breath with the names of Patti, Nilsson and Albani, filled the numerous listeners with wonder at her magnificent voice, correct execution, florid vocalization, musical feeling and sympathetic personality. Among her many numbers, comprising almost every range of operatic and concert singing, certainly nothing could be more exquisite or more perfect than her rendering of the *Garden Aria* from *The Marriage of Figaro*. After her last selection, she was recalled again and again, until finally the gracious singer, who is a fine pianist as well as a perfect vocalist, sat down to the instrument, and with a charm all her own, accompanied herself, giving a pretty little French ballad. I heartily endorse the sentiment of regret that has been expressed by the public press here, to the effect that Mme. Sembrich has not appeared once at least in opera during her short sojourn. She is said to be one of the few prima-donne whose dramatic power is on a level with their vocal superiority.

Managers Van Lier, whose activity and spirit of enterprise are alike remarkable, seem indefatigable in presenting novelties at the Grand Theatre. They have now put on a magic spectacular piece for the holidays, which bids fair to have a long and successful run. The piece is an adaptation of the well-known French fairy spectacle, *Les Pilules du Diable* (The Devil's Pills), one of the best attractions in its style, and a great success of the Paris stage. In its Dutch attire, the piece is an unmistakable 'go,' and Managers Van Lier deserve thanks, not only of the young folk by whom the production is particularly appreciated, but also of the more mature spectators, who find enough to please the eye in the gorgeous costumes, the clever tricks, the constant change of scenery, the ballet, and the groupings and marches, whilst the funny dialogue, the catching topical songs and good acting are by no means secondary points of interest. Neither pains nor expense have been spared; the mechanical tricks, like those done in the London pantomimes, have been brought from Paris, and the scenery from Milan. Among the maudlin is a very cute one by children in uniform; the little ones sing "Revenant de la Revue," and go through military maneuvers. The topical songs are by Mr. Bigot, the low comedian and stage manager of the Grand Theatre; they are very telling and are redemanded nightly. The special bit of these songs is one on the word "Mikado." Messrs. Bigot and Lageman, as the two comic servants who are always getting into scrapes, were exceedingly funny and kept the audience in a roar. Mr. Andre, as the young painter, and Mr. Ruys, as the rejected suitor, deserve mention. Mrs. Albrecht-Engelman, who occupies a position on the stage here similar to that of Mrs. Gilbert in New York, was, as always, excellent, while to Miss Kapper, as Folly, a meed of praise is due for her bright acting and entrain.

At the Frascati Theatre, Managers Prot have caught the public fancy by the production of Audran's *Le Serment d'Amour*, which was sung in New York by the McCaull Opera co. at Wallack's under the title of *The Crowning Hen*. Here, the opera is christened *Miss Grivolin*, and the young lady has no cause to complain of the reception accorded her. The cosy little theatre is crowded evening after evening to hear Audran's tuneful music and enjoy the piquant libretto. The scenery is new and appropriate, the costumes fresh and tasty, and, better still, the opera is well sung by some of the members of the cast, and capably acted by all. Mrs. Budermann as Rosetta, was bewitching, and left nothing to be desired either in acting or singing. Mr. Willemesen (Count de Flavignac) has a fine voice, and seconded Mrs. Budermann most effectively in their duets. The comic duet between Mr. Westerhoven (La Marquise de la Haute Garenne) and Mr. Kelly (Gavaudan) is a huge success, and has invariably to be encored. A good word should not be omitted for Mrs. Bonnmester as Marion, and Mr. Kreft as Grivolin. Mlle. Nitouche is to follow Miss Grivolin whenever the latter is dismissed from active service.

Another Mlle. Nitouche will appear almost simultaneously at the Varieties. The patrons of this popular resort have received the vaudevilles of the Jodic repertoire with such marked favor that Managers Kreukniet and Mutters have wisely determined to keep on that same track. Lilli was given, and now the Dutch version of *La Femme à Papa* holds the boards, whilst Mlle. Nitouche, as I said, is underlined for an early date. In *La Femme à Papa* Mrs. Versteck is seen to great advantage as Anna and can well bear comparison with her French

predecessor in the part. Mr. Mutters played the dual role of the father and son, and did some very clever comedy acting.

The Royal Dramatic company has been giving revivals at the Stadsschouwburg. Mary Stuart, with Mrs. Frenkel as the unfortunate Queen of Scots, is in rehearsal. I will speak of the impersonation in my next, as also of the great event in the theatrical world this week—to wit, the jubilee performance of Louis Bonnmester, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his career as an actor. From all accounts it will be one of the events of the season, and an occasion not soon to be forgotten. The prices have been doubled, and great ovations are in store for the hero of the night. The date is the 22d, and the play, as you know, *Louis XI*. A. J. G.

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DRAMATIC DIARY.

1887.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

JANUARY.

1. Sydney Woollett began a series of recitals at the Madison Square Theatre, Margaret Mather at the Union Square, enacted Juliet—Theodore was presented at the Star by Lilian Olcott.
2. Elie Hoffman made her first appearance in America, at the Thalia Theatre, New York, as Lorie in Dori and Stadi.
3. Lawrence Barrett appeared at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, producing Kienzi.—Frederick Ward appeared at the Windsor Theatre, New York, and produced Galba, the Gladiator.—Sidney Woollett gave a recital of Gunsevere.—Desma, Thompson appeared at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and presented The Old Homestead.—Alice Oates died at Philadelphia.
4. Met by Chance, by Bronson Howard, was produced at the Lyceum Theatre by Helen Dauray.—Marjorie's Lover, by Brander Matthews, was presented (matinee) at the Madison Square Theatre.
5. The Rosina Vokes company, at the Standard Theatre, presented The Baron's Wager and The Double Lesson, for the first time in New York.
6. End of Margaret Mather's engagement (four weeks) at the Union Square Theatre.
7. Helen Hastings appeared at the Union Square Theatre in a piece called Pen and Ink. Failure.
8. The Taming of the Shrew was presented at Daly's Theatre.—The Ottawa Theatre Royal was burned.—Faust had its fourth representation at the Lyceum Theatre, London.
9. Death of G. C. Howard (George Canabell), husband of the actress long distinguished as the original Topsy.
10. Beethoven's Fidelio was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, by Gilbert and Sullivan, had its first performance in London at the Savoy Theatre.
11. The Mascotte was produced at the Bijou Opera House, with K. C. Goodwin as Prince Lorenzo.
12. Harbor Lights was produced at Wallack's Theatre.—Zarna Wilmsheer, author of Nitocris, etc., died in Brooklyn, aged 69.
13. Revival of Masks and Faces at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with Helen Dauray as Peg Wigginton.—The Marble Heart was presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with Mr. Mather as Raphael and Eleanor Corry as Marcella.—Rose Coghlan appeared at the Union Square Theatre, acting Lady Gay Spenser in London Assurance.—Edward Harrigan produced at his Park Theatre a new play called McKeen's Trick.—At the Metropolitan Opera House the opera of Kienzi was given, for the first time this season.—Sidney Woollett gave a morning recital of The Tempest at the Madison Square Theatre.—The Miller's Bill was reproduced at the Standard.—Anne in London was offered at the Grand Opera House.

FEBRUARY.

1. Mr. Boucicault produced, at the Hollis Street, Theatre, Boston, a piece entitled Jim McCoil.
2. Salisbury's Troubadours appeared at the Star Theatre in The Homestead.—Theodore appeared at the Grand Opera House in Black House.—Rose Coghlan acted Pen Wigginton.—The fourth performance of Jim the Peasantry occurred at the Madison Square Theatre.—J. K. Emmet appeared at the People's Theatre in a reconstructed version of Fritz, Otto Conrad German.—The Banker's Daughter was acted at Pook's Theatre.
3. Supposed attempt to assassinate Adeline Patil, at San Francisco, explosion of a bomb.
4. Courtesan's Story gave a reading at the Lyceum Theatre (matinee).—Rose Coghlan, at the Union Square Theatre, enacted Rosalind.
5. Kienzi Vokes ended her engagement at the Standard Theatre.
6. Sol Smith Russell appeared at the Standard Theatre in Pa.—Frankie Kemble appeared at Pook's Theatre in Sibyl.—The Romance of The Dabala Lights.—Jack, by Mrs. Kemble, was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with Eben Plympton in the chief part.
7. The first presentation in America of Ruddybrow was made at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.—Richard Mansfield appeared at the Union Square Theatre as Prince Karl.—J. K. Emmet appeared at the Standard Theatre as Fritz.
8. Last exhibition in New York of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.
9. The fourth performance of Ernani was celebrated at the New York Casino.
10. The Old Londoner Exhibition was opened at 261 Broadway, N. Y.—The season of German opera was ended at the Metropolitan Opera House with Rialto.—Last night of Salisbury's Troubadours at the Star Theatre.
11. Lorraine was produced by the McCall company at the Star Theatre.—N. C. Goodwin, at the Bijou House, produced Stating Risk.—National Opera company began a season at the Metropolitan, New York.

MARCH.

1. Sarah Bernhardt appeared in Washington as Camilla.
2. Announcement of the marriage on Feb. 13 at Buffalo of Margaret Mather to Emil Hoberman.
3. Wanda Lane was produced at the Lyceum Theatre.—Ninety-first birthday of Mrs. Kienzi, the actress—mother of Mrs. John Drew, was celebrated (on the 5th) in Philadelphia by a family party.
4. Sidney Woollett gave a reading of "Hawatha," etc., at the Madison Square Theatre.—Death of Cyril Sealie at Savannah.
5. Lytton Edward Sothorn, son of E. A. Sothorn, died in London.—Christina Lane was married at Paris to Count Miranda.—Richard Mansfield ended his engagement at the Union Square Theatre as Prince Karl.
6. Sarah Bernhardt began an engagement in New York at the Star Theatre, appearing as Fedora. (On the 15th she acted Camille; on the 17th Frou-Frou.) Met was revived at Wallack's.—Illness of John Gilbert. Rubinstein's Opera of Nero was produced, for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera House.
7. George Fawcett rose appeared at the Madison Square Theatre (matinee), giving, for the first time on any stage, his original entertainment called A Picnic Among the Crocodiles.—George Riddle gave a reading at Chatterbox Hall of Manfred (evening). Marriage of Nite Salsbury and Ray Samuels.
8. Sidney Woollett, at the Madison Square Theatre, gave a reading of "Enoch Arden" (matinee).—K. L. Tilton died at Birmingham, Alabama.
9. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, presented a piece called The First—its first appearance on any stage.
10. Sarah Bernhardt presented La Maitre des Forges.—Wilson Barrett appeared at the Globe Theatre, Boston, as Hamlet.
11. Marriage of Catherine Lewis and Donald Robertson.
12. Miss Fortescue called for England.
13. Sarah Bernhardt gave a morning performance of Fedora for the dramatic season. Also, at night, enacted Adrienne Lecouvreur.—D. D. Lloyd's new play, The Domine's Daughter, was produced at Wallack's Theatre.—Death of Mrs. N. C. Goodwin (Ellen Weatherly).—Federal, March 27.
14. Death of Alexander Fisher Baker, widow of John Lewis Baker, at Philadelphia.
15. Sarah Bernhardt enacted Theodora.—Genevieve Ward appeared at the Windsor Theatre in Forget-Me-Not.—Fanny Davenport acted at the Grand Opera House in Fedora.—Robert Downing played at Niblo's in Spartacus.—Mrs. Bowers acted at the People's Theatre as Queen Elizabeth.—Annie Meyer, replacing Agnes Booth, who was ill, made her first appearance on the American stage at the Madison Square Theatre, playing Mrs. Ralston in Jim the Peasant.
16. Mrs. James Brown Potter made her debut in London at the Haymarket Theatre, as Anne Silvester in Man and Wife.
17. Mr. Goodwin produced Big Pony, at the Bijou.

APRIL.

1. At the Globe Theatre, Boston, Wilson Barrett and Mary Eastlake acted in The Lady of Lyons—first time in America.
2. Wilson Barrett and Mary Eastlake made their re-entrance in New York, at the Star Theatre, in Hamlet—first time in New York.
3. Wilson Barrett and Mary Eastlake presented Clitio—first time in New York.
4. Ruddybrow was withdrawn at the Fifth Avenue.
5. Death of John T. Haydon at Waverly, Ind.
6. The Love Chase was revived at the Lyceum Theatre with Helen Dauray as Constance.—Mme. Janaschek appeared at the Union Square Theatre, as Meg Merrilies—first time by her in New York.—By the Enemy was revived in New York at the Grand Opera House, and The Black Crook at Niblo's.—Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in The Golden Giant.—George Riddle appeared at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston in a new play by Edgar Fawcett called The Earl.—Mary Anderson made her re-entrance on the English stage at Birmingham.
7. The hundredth performance of The Old Homestead occurred at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.
8. The hundredth performance of The Taming of the Shrew occurred at Daly's Theatre. Banquet on the stage, after the play, was given by Mr. Daly to about fifty friends. Gen. Sherman presided.
9. End of Wilson Barrett's engagement at the Star Theatre. It closed with The Lady of Lyons.—Miss Eastlake as Pauline, Mr. Barrett as Claude Melante.—Old Heads and Young Hearts was presented at Wallack's Theatre, and John Gilbert made his re-entrance, playing Jean Rual.—Sarah Bernhardt acted at the Academy of Music (matinee) as Theodora.

17. Professor Cromwell's 150th illustrated lecture at the Grand Opera House.—Harry Edwards gave an entertainment at Wallack's Theatre.
18. Mr. Boucicault appeared at the Star Theatre in his plays of Kerry and Jim McCoil, which is Belle Le May altered.—Mr. Palmer's company acted at Washington in Jim the Peasant, under the auspices of the President of the United States, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund.—Cordelia's Aspirations was revived by Mr. Harrigan at the Park Theatre.—Mary Anderson appeared at Sheffield.
19. Criminals benefit to William Davidge. Mary Anderson appeared at Nottingham.
20. Mary Anderson, at Nottingham, produced A Winter's Tale, and played Hermione and Perdita for the first time in her life.
21. Mrs. Langtry appeared in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, presenting Lady Clancarty for the first time here.—Annie Pixley appeared at the Union Square Theatre in The Deacon's Daughter.—N. C. Goodwin, at the Bijou, acted Jonathan Wild in Jack Sheppard.—Mary Anderson acted at Manchester, England.
22. End of the regular season at Daly's, the Madison Square and the Park.

MAY.

1. Lawrence Barrett appeared at Niblo's Garden and played Kienzi for the first time in New York.—Mr. Jefferson appeared at the Grand Opera House as Rip Van Winkle.—Mme. Janaschek acted at the Windsor Theatre at the Star.—Casparus appeared at Newcastle, England.—Our Society was revived at the Madison Square Theatre.
2. The Highest Bidder was produced at the Lyceum Theatre.
3. Mary Anderson appeared at Bradford, England.
4. Richard Mansfield, at the Boston Museum, produced Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.—The McCall Opera company appeared at Wallack's Theatre, N. Y., in The Black Hussar.—Mary Anderson appeared at Liverpool.
5. Benefit to C. W. Coudock at the Star Theatre. Jefferson, Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John Gilbert and others acted.—Wilson Barrett and Mary Eastlake sailed for England aboard the Alaska.
6. H. E. Abbey was announced as the lessee and manager of Wallack's Theatre for ten years, beginning with the season of 1887.
7. Mrs. Langtry revived The Lady of Lyons.
8. Mary Anderson, at Liverpool, England, presented Fausto, and enacted Bianca for the first time in Great Britain.—Mrs. Langtry's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with Pauline.
9. The Romance of A Poor Young Man was produced at Daly's Theatre by Lester Wallack's company.—The Pyramus and Thisbe was presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.—Mary Anderson appeared at Glasgow.
10. W. E. Sheridan died in Sydney, Australia, of epilepsy.
11. Fashion, by Selina Dolaro, was enacted at the Madison Square Theatre (matinee).
12. Last performance of Kienzi, by Lawrence Barrett, at Niblo's.
13. Testimonial to John T. Ford at the Grand Opera House, Baltimore, to celebrate the conclusion of his thirty-third year of continuous management.
14. The Opera Comique in Paris was burned.
15. Last night of The Romance of A Poor Young Man, by Wallack's company, at the Madison Square Theatre of Our Society.—Lawrence Barrett ended his engagement at the People's Theatre in a reconstructed version of Fritz, Otto Conrad German.—Mary Anderson ended her season at Edinburgh.
16. Richard Mansfield appeared at the Madison Square Theatre as Prince Karl, and Mrs. McKee Rankin appeared at Niblo's Garden in The Golden Giant.

JUNE.

1. Henry Irving, at the London Lyceum, enacted Werther, for the first time in his life; Benefit of Dr. Wetland Marston.
2. Dedication of the Actors' Monument at Evergreen Cemetery. Speeches by A. M. Palmer and Edwin Booth. A poem by William Winter, called "Annie," was delivered by the author.—Frank May appeared at the People's Theatre in The Royal Guard.—A play called The American was produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.
3. Benefit to Bijou Fernandez at the Lyceum (matinee).
4. Sarah Bernhardt appeared at the Star Theatre, New York, as Fedora. On the 16th she enacted Theodora, and this she repeated on the afternoon of the 17th. On the evening of the 17th she played Donna Sol, taking a farewell benefit. On Saturday, June 18, she sailed for Europe, where she will give a series of performances.
5. Travers House was produced at Niblo's Garden by T. B. MacDonough.
6. Gaetano Fraschini, famous tenor, died at Padua, aged 72.
7. John Stetson was married in Boston to Katherine Stokes.

JULY.

1. Close of the season at the Grand Opera House and at Niblo's Garden.
2. Edward Lamb died in Brooklyn in his 48th year.
3. George C. Spear died, at the Forrest Home, in his 77th year.
4. Monsieur, by Richard Mansfield, was produced by him at the Madison Square Theatre. Indians was revived at Wallack's by Mr. McCall.
5. End of the season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.—End of the season at the Lyceum Theatre (Henry Irving).—The Beggar Student was revived at Wallack's Theatre by Mr. McCall.
6. As You Like It was acted at Manchester, Mass., on the laws of the Massachusetts Opera, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund Receipts, \$3,000. This was the first open air performance ever given in America. Rose Coghlan acted Rosalind; Osmond Tearle, Orlando; Frank Mayo, Jacques; Stuart Robson, Touchstone.
7. Death, at Long Branch, N. J., of Mrs. Eliza Kienlock, aged 92.
8. Nelson Wheatcroft appeared at the Windsor Theatre, producing a play written by himself, entitled Gleanings of Oath.
9. Niblo's Theatre was reopened with Lagardere (Le Bossu).
10. Palgrave Simpson died in London.
11. The Lyceum Theatre was reopened with The Highest Bidder.—The Grand Opera House was reopened with Lost in London and a ballet.—The Star Theatre was reopened by McCall, Johnson and Slavin's Miscellaneous.—Sopha's Bellman was produced at the Lyceum Theatre by the McCall company.—Pook's Theatre was reopened with Monte Cristo—a new version. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry began their new season with Faust at Edinburgh.
12. The Union Square Theatre was opened with One Against Many.—The Star Theatre was opened with Held by the Enemy.—Jim the Peasant was acted at the Grand Opera House.—The Boston Museum was opened for the new season with The Domine's Daughter.
13. The Fourteenth Street Theatre was opened with A Still Alarm.

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SEPTEMBER.

1. Mrs. J. R. Vincent died in Boston.
2. Allan Dore, adapted from the novel by Admiral Porter, was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to begin the season.
3. The Theatre Royal at Exeter was burned down, and 140 persons perished.
4. The Dockyard Theatre was reopened with burlesque, farce, etc.
5. Mary Anderson began an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, London, playing Hermione and Perdita, in A Winter's Tale.
6. Richard Mansfield, at the Madison Square Theatre, presented Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, for the first time in New York.—The burlesque The Arabian Nights by Alfred Thompson, was presented at the Standard Theatre, which was reopened for the new season.—Louis James and Marie Walworth appeared at the Grand Opera House in Virginia.—Mrs. Bowers appeared at the People's Theatre in Mme. Cross.—The Lyceum Theatre was reopened and John A. Mackay and the Rice Surprise Party appeared in Circus in Town.—A new farce called A Hole in the Ground was presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.—Harrigan's Park Theatre was reopened with The Wily West—Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett began their season together at Buffalo in a revival of Julius Caesar.
7. Sir Charles Yung, author of Jim the Peasant, died in London.
8. Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as Lena Despard in As I'm Looking Glass.—A Dark Secret was produced at the Academy of Music.
9. The Marquis was produced at the Lyceum Theatre.
10. The Great Pink Pearl was presented at the Lyceum Theatre, and Herbert Keary made his first appearance there as leading man.
11. The Henrietta was produced at the Union Square Theatre by Robson and Craze.

OCTOBER.

1. Richard Mansfield ended his engagement at the Madison Square Theatre 10th Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.—Death of Robert Stoepel in New York. Funeral on Oct. 3.
2. A. M. Palmer began his fourth season at the Madison Square Theatre, with a reproduction of Jim the Peasant.—Mlle. Almee died in Paris.
3. Daly's Theatre was reopened for the regular season with Dandy Dick by A. W. Pienzo.
4. Edward Harrigan began the regular season at the Park Theatre, appearing in The Leather Patch.—McKee Rankin came forth at the Grand Opera House in The Golden Giant.
5. Wallack's Theatre was opened under the management of H. E. Abbey, with Sidney Grundy's comedy of The House-Trap.
6. Mr. Jefferson appeared at the Star Theatre as Acres

- in the Rivals.—Clara Morris appeared at the Grand Opera House in Article 47, beginning her season.—The Corsairs was presented at Niblo's Theatre in The Old Homestead.
7. Angela, by Messrs. H. Lee and C. Ottomeyer, was presented at the Madison Square Theatre (matinee). The Corsairs was presented at the Bijou Theatre.
8. Julia Malowne appeared at the Bijou Opera House (afternoon) as Parthenia in Ingomar.—Clara Morris, at the Grand Opera House, presented Rene (an adaptation of the Martyr), for the first time in New York.—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry sailed from Southampton for New York aboard the Albatross.
9. Death of Lisa Weber at Buffalo.
10. Cate was revived at Wallack's Theatre.
11. Charles Dickens gave his first reading in America at Chatterbox Hall—"Dr. Marigold" and "Trial Scene" from Pickwick.
12. Gaston Cadot was presented at the Windsor Theatre, by Frederick Ward, for the first time in New York.
13. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry arrived in New York aboard the steamship Albatross.
14. Mrs. Cora Potter made her debut at the F. H. Avenue Theatre in Mlle. de Bressier.—Mr. Jefferson, at the Star, enacted Calphurnia and Mr. Goughly.

NOVEMBER.

1. The Railroad of Love, adapted by Augustin Daly from the German, was produced at Daly's Theatre.—The Wife, by Messrs. Helasco and De Milie, was produced at the Lyceum Theatre.—The Lyceum Theatre closed its season with the production of The Old Homestead from Niblo's to the Fourteenth Street Theatre.—Clara Morris appeared at the People's Theatre.
2. School was presented at Wallack's Theatre and John Gilbert revived the Star.
3. Henry Irving at the Star enacted Louis XI.
4. Mr. Jefferson appeared at Niblo's as Rip Van Winkle.—The Begum was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.
5. Pete, by Edward Harrigan, was produced at the Park Theatre.
6. She was produced at Niblo's Theatre.
7. Mrs. Langtry appeared at Wallack's, with Rose Coghlan as Stephanie.
8. The Merchant of Venice was produced at the Star Theatre, with Mr. Irving as Shylock and Miss Terry as Portia.—Mr. Palmer, at the Madison Square Theatre, revived Elaine.
9. Henry Irving ended his engagement at the Star Theatre with Louis XI. and Jingle. Mr. Jefferson, at the Grand Opera House, ended his season.
10. Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Grand Opera House as Lena Despard.—Julia Malowne and Joseph Haworth appeared at the Star Theatre as Juliet and Romeo. Ingomar was played by them on the 12th and 13th nights of Dec. 14.—Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett acted in Boston.—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry appeared in Philadelphia in Faust.
11. A. and Coquette, by Estelle Clayton, was acted at the Union Square Theatre for the benefit of Sam Jewett.
12. Death of John Howson at Troy.
13. Lester Wallack enacted the Lotus Club. A poem by William Winter was read by his author.
14. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence appeared at the Star Theatre in Our Governor.—Richard Mansfield appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in his own play of Monsieur.—At the Chestnut Street Opera House, in Philadelphia, Mr. Irving produced Olivia, and for the first time in America played Dr. Primrose. Ellen Terry acted Olivia.
15. The Kantar, by Steele Mackaye, was brought out at the Standard Theatre.—Mr. Florence, at the Star, played Captain Cuttle.—Mrs. Langtry ended her engagement at the Grand Opera House.
16. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett appeared at the Academy of Music in Julius Caesar.—A Run of Luck was presented at Niblo's Garden.—The Hanses appeared at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in Le Voyage de Salsbury.—N. C. Goodwin appeared at the Grand Opera House.—Mr. Goughly and Mr. Caraway Bones.—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry appeared at Chicago in Faust.
17. Mr. Florence, at the Star, presented The Mighty Dollar, and played the Earl of Westwell State.
18. In the Fashion, by Selina Dolaro, was presented at Wallack's Theatre.
19. Mr. Florence ended his engagement at the Star Theatre.

DECEMBER.

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Merritt versus Jones.

The originality of the play Heart of Hearts by Henry Arthur Jones, which is now in rehearsal at the Madison Square Theatre, has been the subject of contention in London, and cautionary signals point to the probability of the fight being transferred to this side the Atlantic. Paul Merritt, an English playwright, whose generally lurid compositions are familiar to Surrey audiences, has claimed in the London papers that Mr. Jones is indebted for a number of ideas in Heart of Hearts to a drama called The King of Diamonds, written by the former. The American rights to The King of Diamonds are owned by Louis Aldrich, who intends giving it a hearing at the first good opportunity. Heart of Hearts, as our readers know, is to follow Elaine at the Madison Square. We have received from Mr. Jones the following statement:

LONDON, Dec. 23, 1887.

Sir:—As I am engaged of taking a portion of my new play Heart of Hearts from the King of Diamonds produced by Mr. Merritt at the Surrey Theatre three or four years ago, I shall feel obliged if you will allow me to state:

First. That until after the production of Hearts of Hearts I never knew of the existence of The King of Diamonds.

Second. That although many of the critics who were present at the performance of Hearts of Hearts at the Lyceum have seen The King of Diamonds not one of them detected any resemblance.

Third. That although within the last few weeks there has been a good opportunity to produce The King of Diamonds at the Surrey, and thus give the public chance of comparing the two plays, Mr. Merritt and his colleagues, the manager of the Surrey, have not chosen to produce it, though undoubtedly the recent controversy would have made it a great pecuniary success.

Fourth. That each of the eight points of resemblance, which Mr. Merritt has discovered between the two plays, is to be met with in a play or novel, published before the production of The King of Diamonds, some of them two or three times over, so that I am prepared to prove that in every point where Mr. Merritt accuses me of plagiarism he has to that extent committed it himself.

Fifth. That if the American owner of The King of Diamonds chooses to produce it in America, your public will find no entire difference in the tone and treatment of the two plays, that it is not possible that the success or failure of the one could in any way influence the other.

I am told by those who saw The King of Diamonds, that the history of the gem in that play is no different in every respect from the history of the gem in Hearts of Hearts, that it is only by a forced comparison any likeness can be made to appear between the two plays. It is difficult for me to understand by what curious mental process Mr. Merritt discovers himself to have suffered any pecuniary injury by an entirely accidental resemblance which has called into public attention a quite forgotten play of his, and afforded it a fine advertisement. Nor would he refuse to take my word that I absolutely know nothing of any situation or character in his play have kept me from making any pecuniary sacrifice rather than engage myself in a pitiable squabble with such a person as I could not imagine myself in such a frame of mind as to care whether Mr. Merritt accepts my word or not. But I do very earnestly wish to stand with those whom I have made my friend in America. And, therefore, I ask you to kindly spare a little of your valuable space to let me assure your readers that I planned and wrote every situation and character in Heart of Hearts without any suspicion of any similarity to any piece whatever. That in some few particulars it resembles another piece is very possible, as I know of no play that does not present many points of resemblance to certain other plays. But to make these casual resemblances of situation a ground for pecuniary damages, apart from the really vital matters of treatment, characterization and literature, is to shut the door upon any future dramatist who may see fine opportunities in a subject which he supposes origi-

al, but which has chanced to be treated in the most slovenly way by some professional business manager. It is only amongst those who know and care nothing about the heart and soul of a play that its casual ornament is esteemed of any account. Happily, in the present case, the suits and trappings which Mr. Merritt so vehemently claims, are, as I am abundantly ready to prove, the cast of "leaders" of a score of other plays and novels. I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Mr. Jones is a gentleman of rare probity and integrity of character. From our personal knowledge of him we know that he would scorn to practice a deception of the sort with which he is charged by Mr. Merritt. Moreover, it is highly improbable that he would, if bent on plagiarism, plagiarize from such a cheap dramatic huckster as Mr. Merritt. As the author of Saints and Sinners, The Silver King, Hoodman Blind and Chatterbox, Mr. Jones has established a literary and artistic reputation second to no contemporary English dramatist. *Imprimis*, these facts give Mr. Jones an inestimable advantage in the controversy. If further evidence in his favor were wanting the clear and forcible statement of the case that he has given to THE MIRROR is conclusive.

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Mr. Rudolph Aronson - - - - - Manager

Evenings at 8. - - - - - Saturday Matinee at 2.

30 Cents. - - - - - ADMISSION 50 Cents.

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Magnificent production of the sparkling comic opera,

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Splendid cast. - - - - - Chorus of 50.

Auxiliaries 50. - - - - - Full Military Band and Ballet.

Grand popular Concert every Sunday evening.

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A WINTER CIRCUS.

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Two Rings and a Stage—A Zoological Garden—Museum of Curiosities—Starting Animal Performances—Famous Riders—Daring Gymnasts, and a Regiment of Clowns, Trick Animals and Educated Beasts to please the Children. Fifty Beautiful Lady Artists. Hand-Horses, Pretty Ponies, Mischievous Monkeys.

MUSICAL AND DANCING ELEPHANTS.

Ring performances daily at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors open one hour before for all the other weeks.

RESERVED SEATS 50c. AND 50c.

All Seats Reserved One Week in Advance. THE MATINEES especially devoted to Ladies and Children.

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J. M. HILL - - - - - Manager.

THE COMEDIANS, ROBBINSON AND CRANE,

Under the management of J. M. HILL and JOSEPH BROOKS.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

FOURTH MONTH.

BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT COMEDY, THE HENRIETTA.

Every evening at 8:15 and Saturday matinee at 2.

DOCKSTADTER'S.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2:30

Mr. LEW DOCKSTADTER - - - - - Manager

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SEATS IN ADVANCE. NO EXTRA.

New Ballads, Specialties and Sketches.

LOCAL SATIRE ON BOOTH AND BARRETT'S HAMLET.

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The world-famous artists,

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in their great farcical absurdity, the new VOYAGE EN SUISSE.

Remodeled, reconstructed and funnier than ever.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Next week—McNISH, JOHNSON AND SLAVIN.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Gilmore and Tompkins, Proprietors and Managers.

MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 26.

First Metropolitan Appearance of EDWIN BOOTH

and LAWRENCE BARRETT

in a grand production of JULIUS CÆSAR.

MR. BOOTH.....BRUTUS

MR. BARRETT.....CASSIUS

The New York season of Mr. Barrett is limited to two weeks. Seats now on sale for the entire engagement. MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY.

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GRAND SUCCESS

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PAUL KAUFMAN,

OR, ANARCHY.

By Steele Mackaye.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer - - - - - Sole Manager

- - - - - ELAINE.

Evenings at 8:30, Saturday Matinee at 2.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN, - - - - - Proprietor

M. W. HANLEY, - - - - - Manager

Domestic Drama of the South, entitled PETER.

Dave Braham and his Popular Orchestra.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery near Canal Street.

FRANK B. MURTHA, - - - - - Sole Proprietor

One week only.

OLIVER BYRON and KATE BYRON

Gossip of the Town.

Harbor Lights played in Cincinnati last week to about \$5,000.

The Dunlap Opera company will close its season at Albany on Saturday night.

Ed. J. Swartz is writing a new comedy for Lizzie Evans, entitled Jack o' Lantern.

Jacobs and Proctor have open time at their Utica (N. Y.) Opera House. The prices range from fifteen cents to \$1.

Among the people engaged for Dion Boucicault's company are Frank Roberts, Mason Mitchell, and Daisy Deane.

Welby Frampton, the dramatist, is open for an engagement, either jobbing or permanent. He has several plays for sale.

Our San Francisco correspondent writes that a neat purse has been raised in San Francisco for the benefit of Nellie Wetherill.

The annual entertainment for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum will take place at the Academy of Music on Jan. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds, who retired from the stage last Spring to settle down in California, have decided to re-enter the profession.

Fin. Reynolds, the singing comedian, has signed to appear in the new farce-comedy, Town Lots, at the Windsor Theatre, Chicago.

T. H. Winnett is in Buffalo arranging an extensive order for lithograph work for A Great Wrong and Passion's Slave for next season.

W. C. Cubitt, secretary to Richard Mansfield, mourns the loss of a sixteen-month-old child, which died on Thursday last of a bronchial affection.

Manager A. M. Palmer is having a new adaptation made of The Man of Success, a play in which Charles Coghlan made a hit some years ago at the Union Square Theatre.

Helen Blythe played in Knoxville on Christmas to the largest matinee known in the history of Staub's Theatre. The press was enthusiastic over her acting in Only a Woman's Heart.

William H. Foster, manager of the Boston Ideal Opera company, paid a flying visit to the city on Thursday last to arrange for a season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which opens week after next.

Dion Boucicault does not produce his new play, Cushla-me-chree, in Worcester, Mass., on the 28th, as stated by the Herald. The first performance will be the feature of a later Boston engagement.

A record of all the theatrical events in the colonies between the years 1749-74, under the title "A History of the American Theatre Before the Revolution" has been published by George O. Seilhamer.

The hundredth performance of The Corsair occurs next Monday night at the Bijou. An elaborate album, containing photographic views of the different scenes in the play, will be distributed as souvenirs.

H. Grattan Donnelly, author of Natural Gas, is writing a farce-comedy for Ed. H. Van Veghten, who will tempt fortune as a star next season. The comedy is in three acts, with the scene laid in Washington.

Next season William Garren will put a company on the road to do Dreams; or, Fun in a Photograph Gallery. Lester, Jerome and Williams will do the leading parts. Mr. Garren is booking with only the best theatres.

After a seventeen weeks' season in the East the Bunch of Keys company left on Sunday for a tour through the West, beginning at Philadelphia, from which it does not return for six months, or until the second week in June.

A Boom in Matrimony subsided in Philadelphia recently. The backer did not weaken until he had dropped \$2,500. Manager J. R. Berry is back in town and preparing to go out in advance of a play called The Light on the Point.

The Princess Theatre at Galesburg, Ill., is being almost rebuilt. When the work is finished the house will have few rivals in the State as to beauty and conveniences. From a theatrical point of view, Galesburg has languished since the burning of its Opera House.

T. D. Frawley withdrew from Adelman's May Blossom company last week. He achieved a decided success in the part of Steve Harland. Mr. Frawley is only in his twenty third year and does remarkably good work for so young an actor. He is playing a special engagement in Philadelphia this week.

The Strobbridge Lithograph Company seems as impervious to fire as the veteran Phoenix T. Barnum. Their establishment in Cincinnati was destroyed by fire on Nov. 30. By Saturday last, a month later, Messrs. Hoyt and Thomas had been supplied with eighteen different lithographs, many of which are from new designs.

[Received too late for classification]

SAN FRANCISCO.

Dec. 27, 1887.
Discey has gone and taken away his pretty wife. We shall miss the songs he sings so well without a voice with which to sing them. We shall miss the blique-like beauty of Adonis and his cleverness generally. We have been taught to like him by his uniform endeavor to please us, and we do like him—so well, indeed, that should he come again we will go again and again and keep on going until his lines and songs are as familiar as the now are. I trust when he comes next he will bring his pretty Roseette along—Carrie Perkins—who has endeared herself to the entire community; also that beautiful member of the Dutchess' family of beautiful daughters—the one he kisses before the duel. I fancy our ladies must have elected her their queen.

James O'Neill, in Monte Cristo, is now playing at the Baldwin to very large business. He will bring out a new play and be followed by the Carleton Opera Co. in Dorothy, a new work to San Francisco.

Natural Gas, after two weeks of full houses, withdraws to the Howard Athenaeum Co. which is turning people away at the Bush every night. The party are giving a very enjoyable entertainment. Next at the Bush comes Mr. Redmond and Mrs. Harry's spectacular play, Rene, after which Haverly's Minstrels.

Romany Rye was produced at the Alcazar last night. The critics agree upon the fact that the work was better provided for in the placement of characters, than by any hitherto production in our city.

The good people of the Tivoli have returned to the ambitious and revived A Trip to the Moon, after engaging a new diva, Bertie Crawford, with a voice of much excellence, a figure of sufficient attractiveness, and a good dresser. Then, aside from this, the Edison incandescent electric light is also a new feature, the first adoption of it at any theatre here. New faces are seen in the chorus, new scenery is painted, good music is heard, expensive costumes are visible, together with an air of progressiveness which I am pleased to observe at this popular place.

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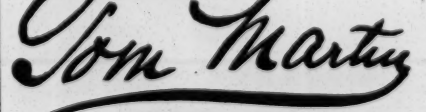
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Mr. Warren's original songs, "Vesper Bells" and "Papa, Sweet Mamma and Me" received several notices.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The scenes between Norah (Mrs. Harry Bloodgood) and Teddy Cregan (Mr. Charles Warren) are very amusing, and the songs that they sing extremely entertaining.—New Orleans Times-Democrat, Nov. 1.

Charles Warren as Teddy Cregan and Mrs. Harry Bloodgood as Norah Brophy sang several beautiful songs, and the divertissement was the pleasant portion of the drama. Columbus (O.) Journal, Nov. 18.

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Miss Marie Hilford as the Duchess de Bligny, in Lady Clara, fully shared the honors with the star, —Daily Mirror, Potteryville, Pa., Sept. 6, 1888.
 Marie Hilford as the parvenu Duchess took her part well, looking and acting the quintessence of shoddiness. —Norfolk, Va., Evening News, Sept. 30, 1888.
 Marie Hilford as Athalia, afterward Duchess de Bligny, established herself more firmly than ever in the good opinion of the people of Augusta, and she will always find a hearty welcome here. —Augusta, Ga., Evening News, Oct. 8, 1888.
 Marie Hilford as Mrs. Maggins, in Terrible Temptation, rendered the character in excellent style, being a character part. —Norfolk, Va., Landmark, Sept. 21, 1888.
 Marie Hilford was a very attractive Duchess and made a strong impression. —Miss Marie Hilford as Athalia gave a good delineation of the victim, revealing woman, the scene between herself and Lady Clara being very strong. —Augusta, Ga., Chronicle, Oct. 8, 1888.
 Miss Marie Hilford's leading lady in the New York Criterion Comedy company, as Annie Lee in Knock Arden and Leah, is deserving of much praise. —Montreal, Que., Gazette, Dec. 24, 1888.
 Marie Hilford as Leah and Annie Lee has distinguished herself as a favorite with her audience. She has a brilliant future and will always be received with welcome here. —Montreal Journal.
 Marie Hilford is winning golden opinions of the best class of theatre-goers and press. —Toledo Blade, Feb. 29, 1889.
 Miss Marie Hilford, leading lady of the New York Criterion Comedy company as Leah, in Leah the Forsaken, fulfilled the highest expectations and acquitted herself admirably in spite of the severe cold under which she labored, and for the short time she has been on the stage she cannot fail in the near future to take high

rank in the profession she has adopted. —Toledo, O., Evening Bee, Feb. 24, 1889.
 Miss Hilford for the short time she has been on the stage does remarkably well and has dramatic ability of a high order. —Toledo Commercial Telegram, Feb. 28, 1889.
 Miss Hilford is the leading part won great praise and applause by her excellent acting in Bartley Campbell's Peril. She does her part well. She is simply magnificent, and for the short period she has been on the stage her acting is almost marvelous. As Blanche Gordon in Fate, the spiritual, nervous woman, the lady Leah in Leah the Forsaken she played to the best advantage during the week. Her acting was strong and intense, showing great dramatic ability. In the course of the fourth she took the house by storm; it was like a revelation. She looked very beautiful. Miss Hilford is young and handsome and a great favorite here. The Democrat does not hesitate in saying that Miss Hilford will win for herself great honors and distinction. —Toledo Sunday Democrat, Nov. 1, 1889.
 Marie Hilford in the part of Laura Hayden in Peril, proved that she has good abilities and did well in the comedy scenes as the stirring wife. —Detroit Morning Post, Nov. 4, 1889.
 Marie Hilford has a commanding presence, dresses well, reads intelligently, is very graceful and expressive in gesture, powerful in bearing and earnest in her endeavor, and her acting is of a high order. The part of Blanche Gordon, in Fate, is that of a wicked and heartless temptress, through whose machinations a husband and wife are separated. It is not therefore possible to carry with it the sympathy of the audience for which any success is achieved against heavy handicaps. —Detroit Free Press, March 4, 1889.
 Marie Hilford, leading lady with New York Criterion company, was the Annie Lee in Knock Arden last

night, which part was sustained with much intelligence and feeling, and gave on the whole the best impression. —The case. —Detroit Free Press, March 5, 1889.
 Marie Hilford was excellent as Madeira and Mother Barbeau in Fanchon. —Detroit Evening Journal, March 6, 1889.
 Miss Marie Hilford, leading lady, has made a decided hit as Poleski in A Russian Hooeymoon, the part played by Agnes Booth in this city. —New York Mirror, Oct. 1889.
 Miss Marie Hilford as Olinah in Maseppa was excellent. This lady is a fine actress. The close attention she has given to detail incident to the difficult part assigned to her being especially noticeable, and the finish imparted to this most beautiful character was really fine. —Peterson (N. J.) Morning Call, Oct. 28, 1889.
 Miss Marie Hilford as Nance was a very artistic and intelligent rendition. —Daily Paper, Worcester, Mass.
 Nance the Quadroon as performed by Miss Marie Hilford could not be excelled. —Daily Post, Vicksburg, Miss.
 Miss Marie Hilford shows strength and intelligence as Nance. —New York Mirror, Sept. 11, 1889.
 Miss Hilford as Nance made the strongest impression on the audience. —New York Mail and Express, Sept. 7, 1889.
 Miss Hilford's Nance was excellent, her rendition of the character showing careful study and rehearsal. —New York World, Sept. 7, 1889.
 Nance the Quadroon, under the vigorous touch of Miss Marie Hilford, grew into an exceedingly entertaining and original character. The part has been conceived in broad lines and just suits Miss Hilford's best methods. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette Nov. 1, 1889.
 The Nance of Marie Hilford is being especially well taken. This young lady has much dramatic talent, although her character brings her into little prominence, yet the perfection with which she attends to details

proves the true actress and occasions much admiration. —Detroit Evening News, Nov. 9.
 Marie Hilford as Nellie Deaver is deserving of praise, being the best in the cast. —Chicago Times, Aug. 23, 1887.
 Miss Hilford who takes the leading part in Silver King is new to Chicago, but has distinguished herself and deserves to be brought more prominently into public notice. —Chicago Tribune, Aug. 23, '87.
 Miss Marie Hilford is a young lady of decided talent in addition to a particularly prepossessing personality. Her impersonation of the patient, loving and long-suffering wife is marked by the greatest intelligence and artistic discrimination, and it is evident that in this line of parts she is capable of great work. —Chicago Evening Mail.
 Miss Marie Hilford, who took the leading part in Silver King last week, made a distinct hit and secured much well-deserved praise. —Chicago Sunday Tribune, August 21, 1887.
 Miss Marie Hilford was new to Bloomington, but at once made friends, she was so pretty and graceful. —Bloomington, Ill., Pantograph, August 30, 1887.
 Miss Hilford, as Nellie Deaver, was exceptionally good. She, by her beauty and winning ways, won the hearts of the entire audience and carried them with her throughout the entire play. —Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 15, 1887.
 Miss Hilford's Nellie Deaver was sustained in a manner worthy of praise.
 One of the neatest bits of work in the Silver King is the Hilford embrace where, as Nellie Deaver, she meets her husband after the parting of four years. Miss Hilford's embrace at this juncture is a match for the Emma Abbott kiss. —Crawfordsville, Argus, August 31, 1887.
 Miss Hilford makes a lovable character of Nellie Deaver, the faithful wife and mother. She has a fine

figure, a bright eye, and is altogether a handsome girl. Her voice is soft and sweet. —Janesville, Wis., Sept. 30, 1887.
 Miss Marie Hilford, cast for Nellie Deaver, is a leading lady of experience who has been seen here before. Miss Hilford's conception of the role cannot be improved upon. —Cleveland Frienddealer, Oct. 4, 1887.
 Marie Hilford, as Nellie Deaver, was well received and was recalled after the third act. —Cleveland Press, Oct. 4, 1887.
 The part of Nellie Deaver was in the hands of Marie Hilford, who is new in it, but plays it capitally. —Cleveland Leader and Herald, Oct. 4, 1887.
 Marie Hilford, as Nellie Deaver, made a strong impression last night and shows great improvements in her methods. —Toledo Blade, Oct. 25, 1887.
 Miss Marie Hilford, in the role of Nellie Deaver, was especially pleasing, and lost not a little by her efforts to the success of the production. At the end of the third act she had a loud call and was presented with elegant floral offerings. —Toledo Commercial, Oct. 25, 1887.
 From the applause last night—Miss Marie Hilford, as Nellie Deaver, made a hit. At the close of the third act she was presented with handsome floral tributes by Toledo admirers. Miss Hilford has wonderfully improved in acting. —Toledo Bee, Oct. 25, 1887.
 Miss Marie Hilford charmed her auditors last night. She is not only a very handsome woman, of fine figure and fascinating face, but is also a finished actress. She sustained the role to perfection and as a reward was twice called before the curtain. She displayed elaborate, rich and tasty wardrobe. In a former appearance here she made many friends, the number of which has been greatly increased. —Akron (O.) Beacon, Nov. 1, 1887.
 Miss Marie Hilford was most acceptable and charming as Nellie Deaver. —Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, Nov. 11, 1887.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

VOL. XIX., No. 472.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

An Example of What Can be Done on the Stage Without Drama—The Reduction of Ballet to Mere Animated Panorama—The Saving Grace of the Drama Idealism, Not Realism—Mr. Irving's Erroneous Idea that Realism Can be Made the End Instead of an Adjunct to Stage Art—The True Mission of the Stage—Hamlet Annotated by Realism.

Mazlum is a brilliant example of what can be done on the stage without drama. It is divertissement in which color, form and rhythmic motion supply everything.

These things form the prettiest kind of entertainment, and when knitted skillfully to a fairy story make a charming form of entertainment for the holiday season.

Once they were the showiest but the lowest form of drama, for the color and action were still subservient to a story. But now they are outside of drama; the story is lost in spectacle and broken by specialties, which in great part make up the exhibition.

Pantomime, which was once a distinct form of drama, is now merged completely in ballet; and ballet, which once carried a legend of its own and tried to do in rhythmic motion what pantomime did in gesticulation, has become a mere animated panorama.

The same tendency which I have insisted is apparent in histrionic drama is shown without any sophistication in spectacle. Here in Mazlum we see realism, as it is called, carried to its extreme length in the allowable effort to make a show.

Ballet, which was once an exhibition of trained skill and artistic action fixed to a sentiment, is now an excuse to display as many coryphees as possible in as many colors as costume and light will produce.

Pantomime, which was at one time an endeavor to make a story tell itself without words—which, by the way, is the absolute essence of drama—is now a subterfuge for the use of acrobats, specialists, zoological specimens, mechanism, trick scenes and processions.

Now, it ought to be said over and over again for the benefit of the men who insist, without scholarly equipment, in writing about the drama, that its only saving grace is idealism, not realism.

If it was ever worth writing about at all it was on account of its idealism, and there never was an example of its idealism being enhanced or aided one jot by the use of extravagant material.

I doubt very much if even my friend, Mr. Irving, who does a good deal of incidental writing about the stage, clearly understands what realism really means. And if he does not I am sure that his many obsequious imitators, with their pens and their hats in their hands, who make side remarks about his art, know less. I have before me at this moment an article published in a dramatic periodical, and which, aside from its personal allusions and its rather amateurish arraignment of motives, is indicative of intelligence and brightness. In this article I read that "the people have got educated up to a degree of appreciation when nothing can be made too real to please them. The fact, fortunately, remains that stage art will steadily progress on this line till, in ten years from now, realism and grandeur will be as near to what they ought to be as the century old taste is to absolute distortion."

This, I take it, is a deliberate attempt to puff the tank of real water lately exhibited in the Dark Secret, and I am free to acknowledge that public taste had been educated up to the degree of education that led it to forgive a sodden mass of peurlity on account of the number of gallons of real water that accompanied it.

It is steady progress in this direction that I object to.

It is a callow heresy to believe that realism which is only proper as an adjunct can be made the end of stage art as Mr. Irving is making it.

It is false to say that nothing can be made too real to please a cultivated taste, for just as the artistic sense is developed the mind rises both in the artist and the observer from the actual to the possible; from the real to the ideal; from the imitative to the creative.

That the mind of the writer on stage art that I have quoted has not so risen will be apparent when he says, that "The stage is not being run as a school of rhetoric. Its principle and

best purpose is to teach moral lessons, whether tragically or otherwise, and to have the surroundings of the players unreal and glaring would be sure to make the moral scene as valueless as the setting. If the illusion does not extend to the scenery it will not exude from the dialogue."

I commend this wisdom to your attention, because it very accurately reverberates the average knowledge of the men who are trying to bolster the stage realist of our day.

When a man tells us that if a thing doesn't extend it will not exude we can forgive him, but when he insists that to have the surroundings of a play unreal will damage the moral of the play, we begin to wonder if these writers have any conception of what the actual and the moral are in art.

I suppose the only way is to keep on pounding the few elemental laws that are best known—and it does seem that those axioms in art

tion of the artist, not out of the store-house of nature.

Realism whether in the personal effort of the actor, or the labor of the stage manager, is imitative. It is the attempt to reproduce the actual. In art this is the lowest form of talent. No painter can reproduce a tree so accurately as a camera, but the camera can never be an artist. The artist sees the possible tree, as the great actor sees the possible Hamlet in his mind's eye, and creates him.

As a framework, an adjunct, a side embellishment, the manager's realism is not out of place. But the moment it usurps the place of the imagination and pushes the sentient effort out of view with dumb material, it is an abomination and an impertinence.

That is what it did in Mr. Irving's Faust, and as Faust is a spiritual poem the whole fibre and fabric of the idea was lost sight of in the glare of hocus pocus and the overweening

When we come to estimate such shows as Mazlum, we are not required to adjust the actors to an ideal, nor to ask them for an interpretation. They make it very plain that they are parts—and insignificant parts—of the moving phantasmagoria. The best they can do is to contribute out of their eccentric habiliments, or their special tricks, some trifle of divertissement to the general fund.

There is just the difference between a drama proper and this kind of a show that there is between a plan of battle and a country fair.

But stage shows, it must be observed, have suffered the same elegant and costly deterioration that the drama itself has suffered. Mazlum bears no sort of comparison with the original production by the Ravels, in dignity of purpose, unity of design and intelligence of execution. It is larger, and what the writer I have referred to calls "grander." It isn't knit

implements in their hands. Regard the melting bass on their legs. In the previous dance, my dear fellow, they were ear-green. Is it possible that you have not noticed that in this they are purple?"

This will recall your realistic landlady, who, when you objected to so much music, chopped her leg up into hash.

Prolonged ballet has always been a mystery to me. I never saw an intelligent audience that did not tire of it after the first dash of two minutes. The balletmaster holds to the fallacious idea that the more girls you furnish the eye the better the sense will like it.

But the eye, like the average heart, prefers one girl to many, and in olden times, when ballet, like romance itself, was a rational art, the premiere was the charm and the coryphees the mere trimmings.

I do not deny that there is a specific charm in the trained motions of a woman. Nothing will seize upon the sense of the picturesque so quickly and so firmly as a daintily-dressed girl in rhythmic action. But nothing is so wearisome as a meaningless swirl of girls with no centre of interest and no purposive object in their convolutions.

There is an order of intelligence that can set on a cold stone-step all day to see a St. Patrick's procession, on account of the badges, but that order of intelligence is the lowest form of realism.

Apropos of all this, I ought to remark that as a rule the more real the circumstances of a drama the more unreal is the endeavor. When you have rested your claims on real water, and real elephants, and real masonry, you will be very apt to give real character the go by.

The Mephisto of Mr. Irving employed so much real fire that there wasn't occasion for real ardor. His sword flashed. But he didn't. His goblet was electric. He didn't have to be. He was a magician in conduct but not in power.

Had his Hamlet been annotated by Realism, as it was annotated realism, it would have come to us this way:

To die—to sleep
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache—[Heart-ache by Slinphias].
And the thousand natural shocks. [Shocks by Murray's improved battery]
That flesh is heir to—[is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

For who would bear the whips and
Scorns of time—[The whips furnished on this occasion
are from the establishment of Welch and Walters].
The oppressor's wrong; the proud man's contumely—
[The proud man's contumely should be well marked.
It has won much commendation in the stables of
London].
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—[The
spurs, it will be noticed, are lit with an opalescent
light. This has been thought to be a great improvement
on the saffron tint previously thrown on them].
When he himself

Might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin—[The bodkin is an antique, especially imported from Elsinore.]

Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life. [Mr. Irving
takes this occasion to say that the grunting and
sweating is in strict accordance with physiological
data].

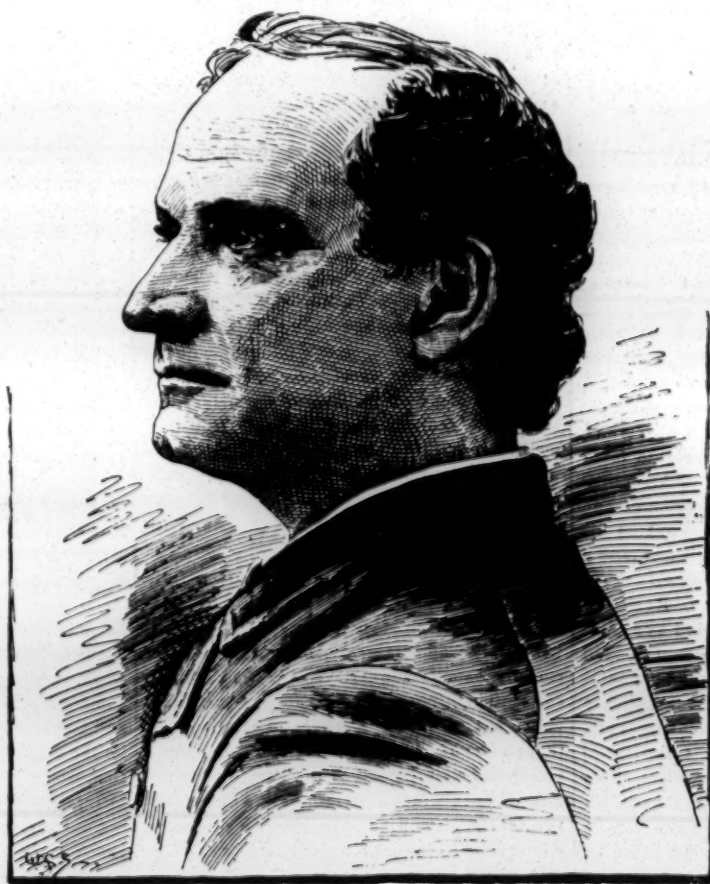
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country—[The undiscovered country
has not been represented by the scenic artist, is
being Mr. Irving's conviction that a terra incognita
should be left to the imagination]

—from whose bourae—[The bourae is
well marked out by a gesture]
No traveler returns. [Etc., etc., etc.]

NYM CRINKLE.

The Wagner Vestibled New York and Chicago Limited train on the New York Central makes unequalled time and is almost always punctual to a minute. It is furnished in a luxurious fashion and heated by steam. It is composed of six cars, consisting of a buffet smoking and library car, two parlor cars, two sleeping-cars and a dining. The vestibules permit passengers to pass to and from the dining and smoking cars without danger or exposure to the cold. The library is stocked with books, papers and magazines; there is a barber shop and a bath. The cuisine attached to the dining-car compares favorably with any good restaurant. In fact this safe, speedy, sumptuous train is practically a first-class perambulating hotel.

Manager W. L. Allen, of The Main Line, is well pleased with his holiday week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He made many warm friends in the City of Churches, and it is said that the directors of the Academy are trying to arrange with him to run the house as a first-class theatre. The Academy is the largest theatre in Brooklyn, and there is a strong prospect that it may follow in the wake of the Academy in this city.



T. W. KEENE.

which have been most widely accepted are the axioms that we must rehearse the oftenest.

In the first place, then, the mission of the stage is not to teach morality, any more than it is the mission of portrait-painting to teach ethics. If acting is an art it has nothing to do with morality. Its business is with beauty. And if it will stick to that with a lofty idealizing purpose, the morality will take care of itself.

To deal with beauty it must have an ideal, and must continually endeavor to attain it.

This puts the quietus on realism, for the moment you wall yourself in with the real, the empyrean of the ideal is unattainable.

It is childish to talk of the morality of real water and real horses and real fire on the stage, of course. But it is no more childish than to talk of the ideal real water or ideal real fire. The ideal comes out of the creative imagina-

estheticism of the costumer and the drillmaster.

That also is what it does in Mazlum. But as Mazlum is not a drama, nor a poem, but a show where every adjunct is essential to the display it ceases to be an impertinence.

It depends altogether whether your smoothing irons are in a pawnshop or on my mantel, if I am to decide on their relative significance.

A modern spectacle falls outside of histrionic endeavor altogether, and all recent attempts to combine the two things have been to the complete disparagement of the histrionism. Just as the Farewell Address would lose all its force while the fireworks are going on.

Wherever acting with a distinct purpose of performing a drama has to lean on the haberdasher, the machinist and the scene-painter, you may depend it is weak-kneed. It may use them as accompanists, but it should discard them as composers.

like a unique garment. It is dumped like a splendid field of rubbish.

Its purport is ballet—which of late is the purport of comic opera and burlesque. But it is ballet never aiming to be beautiful in design, only striving to be realistic and grand in numbers and collective evolutions. The moment the multitudinous girl takes possession of the stage, everything else is suspended. Here the effort of the show-maker reaches its supreme height. His ideality and his ambition can go no further. He works all the changes on his material without ever getting away from it. The hundred coryphees can never be anything but the hundred coryphees, but he changes their dresses and their paces every five minutes; he throws green, violet and pink light upon them; he cries, "Behold, now they fish, now they paddle, now they are jockeys, now they are lawn-tennis players. Observe with what subtlety of imagination I change

The Giddy Gusher.



I've got to tell you of the dreadful disappointment of my friend, Mother Smarty. She had never heard of that frail member of the demi-monde in Paris, who, coveting a rare bit of jewelry that cost 5,000f., paid down a thousand of her own, and then told her pet masher about the wonderful bargain for only 4,000f. Monsieur went round, saw it was a very desirable article, but too valuable to let out of the family, so he bought it for 4,000f. and sent it home to his wife.

Mrs. Smarty is not up in these stories. So she set a trap for herself and went in up to her neck.

Just before Christmas she began to urge her old man to buy her a pair of solitaires for her alert old ears. A certain unpleasant sister-in-law had a pair that cost \$1,000. Mr. S. told Abiah (that's the front name of my wearied friend) to go look at some stones and tell her what it would cost to fix her up in suitable fashion.

Thus encouraged, Ma Smarty haunted the jeweler's—finally, she dragged me round upon Fifth avenue to get an opinion on some she had looked at there. They were lovely gems and I promptly said, "Well worth the money." Then it seems my old lady went round again in the afternoon and had a final consultation with the clerk. The ear-rings were \$950, and the clever Abiah knew her husband would never pay more than five or six hundred; but she had a little stocking up the chimney in which reposed \$400. She arranged with this dealer that if Mr. Smarty would take these stones at \$550 she could be called on at any moment for the other \$400.

This scheme worked beautifully. Ma went home and discoursed on the ravishing beauty and wondrous cheapness of this pair of ear-rings. "As handsome as Sophy's every bit," said she, and Mr. S. said he'd see about it.

Christmas week Abiah wouldn't go out, bad as she wanted to, lest the manager from the jeweler's should come. And sure enough at the very last moment in came the young man with word that the gentleman had taken the stones, given his cheque, and was waiting in the store while a diamond-setter looked 'em carefully over to see if the stones were secure. He exhibited the check to the wife's delighted eyes, and Abiah climbed into that stocking (wherever it was, in use or not,) and delivered the \$400, as agreed. Then she rushed round to all her bosom friends and told them she knew what her Christmas was going to be—"A pair of diamonds worth \$1,000." She received our congratulations, and with what calmness she could summon awaited developments.

The night before Christmas she formally presented a pair of slippers and smoking-jacket she had had charged to him at Johnson's, and her nerves trembled as he started to make the return present.

"I hope you'll like 'em," said he as he went to his overcoat pocket. Then he produced a long garnet-green case, and Abiah nearly fell off her chair as her chill finger touched a spring and the box disgorged a pair of fashionable gold hair-pins.

"But the diamonds—the ear-rings," she faltered.

"Couldn't afford 'em this Winter, Abiah; business is dull. I've got as much as I can do to scrape up ready money for my payments."

"Couldn't afford 'em! Do you mean to say you didn't buy those stones round at Sparks?" Pa was in for it, so he smiled till he showed his fillings, and swore he was so poor he couldn't afford to look at Sparks' show-cases—had never been there.

Then there was a cyclone of such concentrated force and intensity that the little hotel room rocked till the bottles in the bar trembled. It all came out—how Abiah had put up a job and \$400; how the man had detained him in the store while he ran round with Mr. Smarty's check, and showing it to Ma Smarty, got the balance of the money.

There was no getting out of the snap. He rushed against another statement—he acknowledged he bought the stones, but in behalf of his partner, old Skinner, who wanted to give them to his mother-in-law. He offered Skinner in evidence, but there was no use. The story never took for a minute. There's open war in the Smarty family, but all the same my miserable Abiah can't find out where those infernal ear-rings have gone.

Smarty offers to refund her \$400, but that is no inducement to let up for a bit. There are people suffering from the cold this inclement Winter, but Mr. S. is not one of 'em. The torrid zone isn't a marker to the sultry rooms in the Broadway hotel occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Smarty.

The late terrible experience of the French

family in Camden has started an unusual number of blundering paragraphs about dogs. The instant I read of those brutes and their bloody work I said, "I'll stake every dollar I've got, and a few in prospect, that these so-called mastiffs are not the real thing." As a child a thoroughbred mastiff, considered invaluable as a watch-dog and fierce protector, was my gentle playmate for years. I must certainly have been blessed with the companionship of twenty since then. I have owned them; I have taken care of those belonging to friends and know of what I speak. A pure-blooded, thoroughbred English mastiff has as much character as William M. Everts. They are dignified, high-minded, and incapable of treachery. They bear in their noble faces their lovely traits.

Of course any one as fond of dogs as I am must have lots of advisers and warnings, and no sooner did this terrible affair in Camden get in the papers than I got doses of caution and reams of scolding advice.

"See, this is the work of your English mastiff," they cried. Not much. And sure enough next day fuller particulars stated the dogs were mongrels, cross-breeds, half St. Bernard, and half German mastiff.

The German mastiff can be traced back to a strain of dogs that inhabited the Black Forest, and had interbred with the wolves that infested that region. It was the wolf-blood in those beasts that broke forth in the French family.

No one is better qualified to judge of dogs than Dawson, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*. He says a thoroughbred dog of any kind is invariably kind, and that a pure English mastiff is incapable of treachery, violence to children, or to those who own them and treat them well. No one can tell more of the magnificent creatures than George Jackson, the great breeder of Jerseys and dogs, who lives in Indianapolis. He maintains that the real English mastiff as a dog for children, as the companion and protector of ladies is unrivaled. He never betrays trust.

I won't have it said in my hearing that the noble race to which my beloved "Beck" belonged is treacherous or untrustworthy. I would not have a mongrel dog of any kind; but I believe thoroughly in a blooded animal, be it horse, dog or man.

It isn't three months ago that, on Thirtieth street, I came upon a crowd surrounding a stoop. A lady was wringing her hands, and saying, "They are gone for a policeman to shoot him."

"Perhaps the man deserves it," I replied, in a comforting tone of voice.

"It ain't a man; it's my little skye. So beautiful, so good, and they say he's mad."

"Where is he?"

"Hiding behind that door."

"Is he a pure-blooded dog?"

"Indeed he is; we paid a hundred dollars for him. He took a prize in Boston."

"No Boston prize dog would ever run mad in New York," said I, and I mounted the steps, called off by the crowd and warned by the people in the house, who filled the windows. In the vestibule, between the doors, was the poor little beast. He had had a fit, no doubt; the froth that flecked his quaint little face told of that; but as I bent a kindly glance upon him and called him confidently but pleasantly to come, his tail wagged feebly, though he didn't stir. Now, when a dog is thoroughly mad his mind is too much taken up with his own affairs to reply to any foolish overtures from the human victims. So as some outsiders shouted, "There's a policeman coming now," I just picked up Mr. Dog, and started out and confronted him. We thought, of course, I owned the dog, but when he found it was a case of common sense, not the blind devotion of a woman for her pet, he considered we were safe to interview. I held up the brute and called on 'em all to see there "was speculation" in his scared eyes, not the fire of madness. We diagnosed his case and went to a drug store in a procession. I put a rubber band on a lead pencil, and the pencil like a bit in his mouth and the elastic on it round his head; treated him to a Buckthorn syrup cocktail, and departed, having saved a useful member of canine society from death at the mouth of a pistol.

If the owner reads this she will know she owes her skye to the

GIDDY GUSHER.

A Parquette Opinion.

At the hats that wear the men grumble and rage When we to the theatre go;
They say that we cut off the view of the stage From all but the very first row.

They argue the point with unreasoning heat, The selfish and insolent crew;
They fancy the tallest of hats on the street— Why not at the theatre, too?

Creations of art are the fabrics we wear, Compared with the masculine styles,
And there's nothing at all on the stage I declare So nice as the present sweet styles.

The men should be sharply put under restraint For making so shameful a fuss;
If they can't see the stage with its powder and paint, At least they can gaze upon us.

Those splendid inventions of wonderful brains, They want us to take off and check,
As if they were derbies, umbrellas, or coxae, Which nothing can damage or speck.

But that is a monstrous idea, you know, And what could be half so absurd?
You might as well try to make pancakes of snow, Or cage up a cat with a bird.

Now, just let me whisper a word in your ear: Before the high hats we could doff—
To ladies of fashion this statement is clear— Our dresses would have to come off!

MITTENS WILLET.

No. 42—Union Handbill.

W. A. Seely is proprietor and manager of Seely's Opera House at Wahpeton, Dakota Territory. The population of the place and the adjacent town of Breckenridge is about 4,000. Mr. Seely is justly exercised concerning an effort that is being made by some misguided zealots to induce the Wahpetonites to stay away from his Opera House. He writes THE MIRROR an explanatory letter concerning the matter:

"Enclosed you will find a copy of 'No. 42, Union Handbill, Gospel Series,'" writes Mr. Seely, "which is similar to numbers that are being distributed about our little city by a Methodist crank and his man Friday—the latter a so-called cowboy brand plucked from the burning. This is a sample of much of the balderdash retailed by religious fanatics that know no more about the stage or the drama than they do of heaven—which is not much. Although not a veteran manager I have had the honor of meeting and knowing many members of the profession who would be a credit to any church society. But there seems to be a lot of bigots whose sole stock in trade are a few miserable lies which they circulate upon every occasion as Gospel truths.

"Since the beginning of my management of this house (which I took in payment for a debt, and which is but a side issue in connection with other business enterprises), there has been no performance, either dramatic or musical, upon its stage wherein the language was as broad, plain or disgusting as that contained in the religious circular emanating from 58 Reade street, New York. As for the experiences of the author of that trash he must have been reared in the slums. Had he enjoyed access to the play-house he would now stand convicted of willful perjury and defamation of the character of many whose shoe-latchets he is unworthy to touch.

"Perhaps mine is an exceptional case, but it has never been within my province to witness an improper action by any member of any company that ever played in my house. But I have often seen improper actions on the part of church-members of the orthodox class in good standing, and my opportunities for observation have been fully as good in the one case as in the other. While I was a constant theatre-goer for years previous to becoming a manager, I can truthfully say that my attendance there was never the cause of my visiting a saloon, brothel or gambling-house, as appears to have been the case with the anonymous author of the tract referred to. No wonder that he is ashamed to put his name to the foul, slanderous epistle.

"I have seen more moral lessons portrayed on the stage than conveyed in the pulpit, and I think that I have attended as many church services and heard as many ancient pulpit-orators as this defamer of as noble and true a body of men and women as exist to-day. Of course small-minded people—of which class I find a very large number within the pale of the church—can extract evil from anything, but the majority of the sins laid at the door of the profession are imaginary."

One side of the tract which called forth the foregoing letter is a handbill headed "Holiness to the Lord!" and setting forth that salvation meetings are held every night by the Rev. S. B. Taylor and the Dakota Praying Band. Beneath are some conundrums, as apparently irrelevant as the observations of Mr. F.'s aunt in "Little Dorrit." Among these posers are the following: "Turn ye! turn ye! for why will ye die?" "Where shall I spend eternity?" "How long shall the wicked triumph?" "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" These interrogatories, unless typographical indications lead astray, were slapped on the back of the heavenly dodger in Wahpeton. The part that originated in New York, and is sold in quantities to suit wherever there may be a market at the ridiculously low rate of \$1 the 1,000 (postage 30 cents), is enclosed in the prim border which invariably adorns leaflets of this description. It runs as follows:

No. 42. UNION HANDBILLS. [Gospel Series.]

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PLAY-HOUSE.

The great majority of operas, plays, and farces are licentious, pandering to the worst passions of the idle and corrupt, setting a premium on vice and enervating at virtue, abounding in oaths and indecent jests. There are said to be a few pure plays, but to discern these, and patronize these only, requires an amount of "good taste," not to say religious sentiment, possessed by very few. The theatre has in all ages been the first lesson learned by the beginner in vice. It stands at the entrance of a way-station on which are the race-course, the liquor saloon, the brothel, the gambling house, and the end—death.

When a young man sets out to be a rake, he begins with the theatre. The theatre, by exacting large outlays of money and giving little in return, encourages extravagance. It also compels late hours and waste of time. Its surroundings are the resort of the idle and vicious. Where the theatre is, the bar-room and bawd are usually not far off. Nor am I entirely ignorant of what I am talking of. I have been considered a veteran theatre-goer. During ten years of my life I rarely missed an opportunity of attending the theatre. I have seen all sorts of plays, in all sorts of theatres, both the high-toned and the low. I have seen nearly every American actor and actress of note.

A few years ago I determined to live a Christian life: I do not go to theatres now, and I try to keep every one else from going. Why? My observation teaches me that religion and the theatre are two conflicting things. And it might well be added that the theatre and the saloon go hand in hand. Sometimes the liquors are sold on the premises, and even served in the audience. And where this is not the case, nothing is more common than for the average play-monger to go out and get one or more drinks during the evening. Thus the associations are all unfavorable to true temperance, and they are extra-hazardous to the reformed man.

Published for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, No. 58 Reade St., New York. Price \$1 per 1,000. Postage 30 cents per 1,000.

The benighted idiots who circulated this vile circular in Wahpeton can be suppressed very easily. Laws are designed for the protection of legitimate business interests. The law operates for the protection of men against organized effort on the part of other men to attack their honest sources of revenue. Presumably Manager Seely's theatre is licensed by the local authorities. If the endeavors of the religious cranks to injure his patronage by frightening people away from his establishment are even in the least degree successful, he should have no difficulty in getting out an injunction preventing the circulation of this disgusting and libelous diatribe, and perhaps having the ringleaders indicted for conspiracy

to injure his business and the good name of his house and those visiting it.

But the people most blameworthy are the reckless fanatics here comprising the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The miserable tract with which they flood remote and gullible rural districts belies their name, for a more intemperate lucubration was never conceived by hypocrisy and prejudice. It seems monstrously improbable that such a tissue of blatant lies should emanate from an association purporting to exist in the interest of truth and right and for the betterment of mankind, but the fact is in evidence before us.

The anonymous and, probably, mythical personage who descends on the theatre's influence says that "religion and the theatre are two conflicting things." If he, she, or it were a fair specimen of religious development we should be happy to allow the accuracy of this assertion, and glory in it besides. In that case there could be no state save one of conflict between an influence that is debasing to man's higher instincts and another influence that garlands life with fragrance and beauty. Fortunately, there is no strife between true religion and the stage. They have many aims in common. It is only to be regretted that religion has not yet been able to cast off the ignorant, superstitious and filthy camp-followers that straggle grotesquely in her rear.

For the purpose of discovering who was responsible for the authorship of Union Handbill No. 42, a reporter of THE MIRROR went down town yesterday. The National Temperance Society and Publication House occupies the first floor of No. 58 Reade street, a handsome building not far from Broadway. A middle-aged gentleman, who wore an old-style collar, which constant friction against a clean-shaven chin had almost made into a turn-over, attended to the reporter's request and sent a boy after a copy of No. 42. He seemed ill at ease when a number of questions were piled to him, and was not long in imparting the information that the establishment which he represented was not responsible for the tract.

"All the publications we get out here," he said, "have got to pass through the hands of the Publication Committee of the Society, which consists of ten well-known business men. This tract, though, we merely publish for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has its offices at No. 47 Bible House, and the literary department of which is presided over by Miss J. Coleman."

The Bible House is opposite Cooper Institute, No. 47 means Room 47. Here the MIRROR reporter saw an establishment similar to that at No. 58 Reade street. Miss Coleman came forward with alacrity when the reporter made known the fact that she was the party he had called to see. Miss Coleman had short hair, was of short stature, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles. When she talked the lack of ability to grasp both sides of a question was noticeable. For about half an hour the warfare lasted.

On his side the newspaper representative held that possible harm was being done a legitimate and licensed business by the publication and distribution of the tract; that the language and sentiments expressed therein were several centuries behind the times, and that the statements were erroneous from beginning to end.

"I do not know now who is the author of the tract," said Miss Coleman, "but we are responsible for it here. It is the only one of the kind we publish, and we would not have put it out had there not been a demand for it. The ladies of the Union use vast quantities of the tract and claim that reformed men go back to their old habits through going to the theatre. I have never been to the theatre myself, but we all know that the pieces produced, as a rule, are never free from some objectionable feature. Not long since, a lady-worker in Nashville, who goes to the theatre quite often, told me that of all the plays she had seen there was not one that did not in some way offend and annoy her either by the portrayal of vice or innuendo. She is not young, yet the last performance she went to, that of an opera, brought the blush of shame to her face."

"What was it?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know. Some opera. The ballet was what made her blush, or, anyhow, something between the acts."

The scribe suppressed a desire to laugh at the ballet that came between the acts, and Miss Coleman went on to bring in the subject of beer gardens.

"Music and beer always go together," she said.

"How about music in church?"

"Er—well something else goes with that. You hear something else, don't you?"

The reporter soon saw that the argument tended to nothing. Miss Coleman held the views of the tract and would not relinquish them, averring that if the theatre was good and virtuous, the dissemination of the slanders in the publication could do no harm, as no one would believe them. And so the good work of uttering falsehoods against the theatre will go bravely on until the law shall call a halt.

Professional Doings.

The Deacon Brodie company goes on tour again in about two weeks under the management of E. J. Henley.

John E. Ince has the rights to New England for Fun in a Boarding-School.

Next April a Dark Secret opera at the Globe Theatre, Boston, and not at the Boston Theatre, as has been stated.

A good general actor is wanted for Lillian Kennedy's company, playing this week in Sag Harbor and near by.

Manager C. F. Lake wants attractions for the Titusville (Pa.) Opera House, which, as he says, "is built for theatrical purposes only."

T. K. Serrano is going to appeal from the decision of Judge Lacombe in his decision against C. B. Jefferson in the matter of the tank. He claims to have secured Roscoe C. Kilgus as pleader.

Lizzie Evans entertained the new-boys of Youngstown, O., in Our Angeleno New Year's Eve. About three hundred of the u filled the parquet and part of the circle. The occasion was remarkable for the good behavior of the boys.

M. A. Kennedy, of George S. Knight's Baron Rudolph company, has been engaged by J. M. Hill for the leading comedy role in A Possible Case, to be produced at the Union Square, March 26.

The S. J. Ripley company gave a special performance at the State Hospital for the Insane at Norristown, Pa., on Tuesday of this week.

L. U. Beaudet does not "support," does not "accompany," but "assists" Daniel K. Bandmann.

A. R. Thomas has been added to the executive staff of Parson's Grass Widow company. The co. plays in Montreal week of Jan. 21. Mr. Parsloe reports good business.

The Park Opera House is the popular theatre in York, Pa. It is on the ground floor, lighted by electricity, and newly fitted and furnished. First-class attractions are played at popular prices. The house is under new management.

McKe. Rankin will soon start on tour in The New Danites—old Danites rewritten and reconstructed. The tour will be under the direction of S. H. Cohen, who has already booked a week stands. Handsome and clever Mabel Bert, the young California actress, will support Mr. Rankin. Manager Cohen desires to hear from out-of-town managers in the matter of booking.

Madame Dolaro Protests.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR: Your kind expression of justice has drawn from me the first plaint I have made against the cruel treatment to which I have been subjected since Dec. 23, when my play was damned entirely through an inadequate representation. That the presentation, in its imperfect condition, was absolutely beyond my control will be understood by any one familiar with theatres. I could only protest. My protestations were in vain. Accept my earnest thanks for your kindness.

I wrote to you a short time ago when in the full flush of not unreasonable hope. I deemed myself the owner of a successful play. I wrote my views on play launching the very day my play was produced. Was it premonition or experience that made me speak with a certain reserve as to the verdict which awaited me? (though in all conscience I had no right to doubt.) Whatever the cause, sure it is I was wise not to swagger about what I might well have been pardoned for considering an assured success—for success most emphatic was my play before the massacre of Wednesday, Dec. 23 at Wallack's Theatre. Success unanimously pronounced by the New York press as shown in print—irrefutable, uncompromising, indelible—on its first and only performance at the Madison Square Theatre six months before its present presentation.

To the casual observer I must appear a singularly irrepressible person to survive the destruction meted out to me by nearly all the same organs of public opinion that had previously spoken in terms of thoughtful criticism; not fulsome praise given to a sick woman, but respectful analysis, which showed where the faults lay and the means of eradicating them, but also pointed to the merits which, without exception, were allowed to be great.

I survive because I have been subjected to injustice. Blind, reckless fury—much of the kind with which Mr. Hyde, of the firm of Jekyll and Hyde, treated the wretched child whose life he stamped out—has been hurled at me at a time when, God knows! I needed sympathy for the slaying of my only means of support (to put sentiment out of the question). I had to sit and see a murder perpetrated with no power to avert it and no means of redress.

If I had invested my little capital in a house which I destined to sell, and an enemy had placed dead rats in the sewers, and then called the attention of the purchaser to the fact that the house was unfit for habitation, I might find out the culprit and fasten upon him the conspiracy, and so remove the stigma and obtain redress. But the pestilential rot that pervaded Wallack's Theatre, and which, juggernaut-like, mangles in its deadly passage all unfortunate wayfarers, has stricken me—its fatal, and no appeal in law can reach the criminals.

I do not ask mercy. That appears to me to be a sentiment, a gracious one, which might imply that I felt I deserved in a measure the abuse which has been showered on me. I do not deserve it. On my honor, no change has been made in the play of Fashion since its one performance at the Madison Square Theatre, except in compliance with the general verdict of the press in shortening it. The same "situations," the same "absorbing interest," etc., which were the subject of general commendations then, all exist now.

What was the reason of the reversal of the verdict? The cruel performance of the play; a performance that almost justified the fury of the gentlemen of the press, for they suffered quite three hours of unadulterated boredom, and surely that was enough to make them ruin the property and only possession of a worker.

Reflect—three hours! I do not blame them. Their sufferings must have been intense—almost as intense as mine. May no one of them ever be called upon to invoke the dogged pluck which allowed me to sit in calm silence and see the success which I had worked so hard to gain blasted into fragments infinitesimal—in three short—I mean long hours. The only wonder is that, taking the provocation into consideration, they did not slay me as the cause, though innocent, of their three hours of boredom. That performance justified my crime, as your paper generously pointed out (for which heartfelt thanks). The efforts of those who knew their lines were utterly and completely frustrated and paralyzed by those who were so imperfect that in any other country the end of the play so acted (I would never have been seen. I have the sole comfort in my affliction of having told them what would be the result twenty-four hours before the murder was committed, which fact is perhaps a significant proof of the utter helplessness of an author, and gives me the satisfaction of being the means of conveying a moral, and that moral is: Never be so poor as to be obliged to dispose of your property when you know that disposal will be disadvantageous. I am not the first unfortunate individual whose needs have compelled a sale equally disastrous.

If anyone thinks on reading this that I have invented one word, I am willing to submit proofs of the success of my play when it was a success, assisted thereto by clever, intelligent acting, and of the failure, due entirely to bad, inadequate rendering, coupled with wilful want of study.

I say wilful, because there was no excuse for being unfamiliar with the lines, three full weeks having been devoted to the rehearsals. Every word I have stated is true, and can be proved by the stage-managers of both productions.

I hope by the above statement I prove myself to be worthy your justice and generosity. In conclusion, once more I take this opportunity of thanking the gentlemen of the press who last May pronounced my play successful. I freely forgive them their injustice to me on a recent date (Dec. 23), because I know that if for an instant they had thought of the disaster to which I was to be made the victim, they would have tinctured their just wrath at the persons who had aroused it with a little justice to your humble servant, who was certainly a most unwilling cause of their anger.

Faithfully, SELINA DOLARO.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10 1885

Item: The Gem Theatre, which opened a few weeks ago, is doing a decidedly good business.

CHAMPAIGN.

Opera House (S. L. Nelson, manager): Charles T. Ellis in Casper the Yodler appeared to a fair audience; everyone pleased.

JOLIET.

Opera House (R. L. Allen, manager): A crowded house greeted Frank L. Frayne in his highly sensational drama of four acts, Mardo, the Hunter. He was ably supported, most notable being Miss Florence Worth as Countess Therese, Mrs. E. K. Chester as Countess Kordoff, Frank L. Frayne, Jr., as Jacko, S. K. Chester as Count Villano, A. K. Brood as Jacko Tough, T. C. Medinger as Casar of Russia and others. This co. certainly merit good notice everywhere, as it is first class in every respect. The fire scene is the most realistic ever witnessed here. Mr. Frayne entering the lion's den is a very thrilling scene, ever to be remembered by the gallery gods. The trained dog, Jack, caused considerable loud cheering, especially when he went to the burning hat, untied the rope holding the door, allowing Mardo to come forth. During many parts of the play the audience seemed to be spellbound.

ROCK ISLAND.

Harper's Theatre (Charles A. Steele, manager): John Dillon opened the new year with Wanted the Earth. The business small enough to discourage even John Dillon. Pat Rooney delighted a small audience. The present manager of the Harper Theatre is very anxious to be relieved of his position and a change will occur within the week. Business has been fearfully bad during the past four months which partly attribute to the weak class of entertainments presented.

ROCKFORD.

Opera House (C. C. Jones, manager): Around the World in Eighty Days and small house. Sol Smith Russell in Bewitched 6; benefit of Rockford Lodge No. 64, B. P. O. Elks; crowd of satisfaction.

KANKAKEE.

Archie Opera House (H. C. Clarke, manager): Mason and Morgan's Uncle Tom's Cabin co. to good business.

BLOOMINGTON.

Durley Theatre (Tillotson and Fell, managers): Charles T. Ellis in Casper the Yodler to good business. Frank L. Frayne 3; top-heavy but appreciative audience. The Dallys 6 return date to only fair business.

Grand Opera House (A. St. Lorenz, manager): Right's Right 5-7; fair business.

OTTAWA.

Opera House (F. A. Sherwood, manager): Michael Strogoft to medium business. Performance gave good satisfaction. Pat Rooney presented Pat's Wardrobe 7 to a good house.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

The New Year's attractions at the various theatres opened to unusual matinee, and the business decreased but slightly during the week.

At the Grand Sol Smith Russell appeared in his new play Bewitched. The absence of merit of the play is not an exception to the show that a one-man part needs a "one-man show." As an introduction for the individualities of Russell it well subserves its ends. The co. was as good as it was expected to be, and the attendance was large. The play was a success. The Dallys 6, and had good house. Alice Fisher, Mr. Mayo's leading support, is an Indiana girl, claiming Terre Haute as her home. Hermann is announced for 12-14.

At Keadle's the New Year's attraction was Gilbert, Donnelly and Girard in Natural Gas.

At the Museum Lottie Church played New Year's week, presenting Pe-to-to and Uka. The latter, a 35 year old, six foot man weighing less than fifty pounds.—T. A. Johnson, manager of Big Winnie, the 100 pound African beauty, arranging to open a ten-cent museum here.—John T. Dickson, manager of the Museum, is soon to be married.—The Elks issue invitations to all male members of visiting theatrical co., offering hospitalities of the club room during stay in this city. Actors and managers much frequent them.

—The Hollywood children will soon go on the road for a short season.—The Natural Gas co. played in San Francisco on Christmas Day and in Indianapolis on New Year's Day, and will appear in Indianapolis, Chicago.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (William Naylor, manager): Frank Mayo gave two performances of The Royal Guard and presented No-deck 3-5; good business. Frank L. Frayne drew a top-heavy house 6, presenting Mardo, with its complement of wild animals. Powers' Ivy Leaf co. delighted a good audience 7. The co. includes some excellent singers.

James Alice Fisher, of the Mayo co., was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain by her friends at this place, this being her home. Miss Fisher held a reception at her residence on New Year's.—John R. Hager will produce his musical comedy, A Sweet Affair, with a semi-professional co., 12-14.

KOKOMO.

Opera House (Howard H. Keadle, manager): The house has been dark past week. Two Old Cronies come 12.

SOUTH BEND.

Good's Opera House (J. V. Farrar, manager): Schiedell Brothers' Minstrels came to good house 2-4. Mason and Morgan's Uncle Tom's Cabin played to full house 6-7.

Oliver Opera House (I. and J. D. Oliver, manager): Modjeska 10 to the largest house this season. Every seat was sold and the box-office closed before nine. As Yet Like It was the card. Nat Goodwin is booked for 12.

MICHIGAN CITY.

Opera House (Weiler and List, managers): Boston Comic Opera co. engagement played 4-7 here to fair business, giving splendid satisfaction, presenting La Marmotte, Olivette.

Manoia Temple (James H. Simonson, manager): Mattie Vickers in Jacques and Cherub Dec. 30; 30 drew large houses and added new strength to her already stronghold on Fort Wayne theatre-going people.

Donnelly's Theatre (J. V. Farrar, manager): Dec. 31 in Right's Right, but on account of bad weather and poor business closed 27. Mr. Murray certainly has a strong pull in Right's Right, and is producing it in a prominent manner. The play is a success. The Dallys 6, and had good house with the star. Fields' United Oceanic Minstrels Dec. 31, matinee and evening; business fair; general satisfaction. The co. is equal in point of merit to many played at advanced prices.

James William Frayne, late comedian with Louise Bullis co., is here. Mr. Frayne's father and brothers carry on a large mercantile business in this city.

IOWA.

IOWA CITY.

Opera House (J. N. Colburn, manager): A severe storm prevented Street of New York from drawing a good house Dec. 30. George C. Boniface was excellent as Tom Badger.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Dubany Opera House (John Dubany, proprietor): C. A. Gardner's Only a Farmer's Daughter on Dec. 31; matinee and night. The attendance was not very large, the disagreeable weather preventing, but the audience were well pleased with the performance. Streets of New York 2 to a large house. The co. is composed of first class talent. The play is a success. The Dallys 6, and had good house with the star. Fields' United Oceanic Minstrels Dec. 31, matinee and evening; business fair; general satisfaction. The co. is equal in point of merit to many played at advanced prices.

The instrumental and vocal music were very fine. Around the World 12; Dan Sully co. 12.

MAHARASHTRA.

Woodbury Opera House (D. R. Sanborn, manager): The Marble Dramatic co. played to full house week of 2-7, and gave general satisfaction. German Brothers' Minstrels 25.

KROKUK.

Krook Opera House (K. Craig, manager): Pat Rooney came to large and well pleased audience 4. Pat in his specialties and the Southern Quartette in songs and piano; imitations were redoubled until fatigue prevented them from responding to encore. Milton N. B. of Woodbury Blind 10-11. Rantford's Pathfinders 20-21. Minnie Madden in Caprice 30.

Holiday Happenings: Pat Rooney was presented by his co. with a handsome watch-chain with diamonds and having in the centre an elk's head.—Fred Wilson, the veteran minstrel performer and manager, at present managing Pat Rooney, says the only New Year's record he received was the paper's notice of the party his family had for dinner. It was sent to him by his young, beautiful and accomplished daughter through the post to Creston, Iowa.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Opera House (John A. Berry and Tommy, managers): Streets of New York 2 to good house. Around the World in Eighty Days reached here 5 and entertained a large audience. Julie Murray, business manager for Around the World in Eighty Days, enjoyed the Streets of New York with your correspondent, John Dillon 14.

KANSAS.

ATKINSON.

Edwin Mayo Dec. 31, in Dave Crockett; fair house. He was supported by a good co., and gave rather a weak performance. Charles L. Andrews' co. in Michael Strogoft; poor business. Some of the specialty features

were very good, but aside from that the co. was not well received.

LEAVENWORTH.

Crawford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Edwin F. Mayo, assisted by Mabel Leonard, in Dave Crockett, to a fair house Dec. 31. Michael Strogoft, by Charles L. Andrews' co., 2. The business was not as good as they deserved. Harrison and Rogers' co. in Bartey Campbell's great Irish drama, My Geraldine, 4, had a good house, although there were local entertainments that detracted largely.

TOPEKA.

Grand Opera House (C. F. Kendall, proprietor): Milton Nobles, supported by his wife, Dollie Woolwine Nobles, and one of the best chosen and most evenly balanced co. that we have ever seen in Topeka, gave us a genuine treat Dec. 31, in Mr. Nobles' latest and by all odds best play, From Sire to Soa. It is the strongest play we have had here since Fanny Davenport gave us Fedora. Mr. Nobles is, without doubt, the most perfect exponent of the refractory American gambler on our stage to-day, and in this play he has the best possible chances for the display of his peculiar and inimitable talents and mannerisms. The honors were divided between him and his wife, who gave a most sympathetic interpretation of her dual character, and in the rendition of her songs showed not a little of the heaven-born gift which has made her sister, Laura Bellini, famous. The stars were ably supported by May Barrell as Countess Waldara, Thomas M. Hante as Dr. Mandrake, H. D. Clifton as Hardy, the gambler, and Charles Canfield as the Sheriff. The audience completely packed the house.

Crawford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Atkins Lawrence in Michael Strogoft, supported by a very strong co., and further aided and abetted by a special lot of scenery and grand ballet, Dec. 30.

PARSONS.

Opera House (L. Baird, manager): Pauline Markham failed to show 2; cause unknown. E. R. Kimer lectures 3-5; Streets of New York 30.

WICHITA.

Crawford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Cora Van Tassel's Hidden Hand co. to good business 2-3. Co. not very strong, but advertise like a circus and catch the masses.

Garfield Opera House (J. A. Ark, manager): Frank Linden continued engagement Dec. 29-31, producing Duke's Rag, Blow for Blow, and Dreams. Business only fair. Local talent are doing The Drummer Boy this week and are drawing big. Manager Ark does Fatty Smith to perfection.

Main Street Theatre (J. A. Linden, manager): The Wallace Sisters in Jacques and A Boy Hero are drawing good crowds this week. Next week, Laura Dainty, Museum. The excellent stock co. are doing The Baker's Dozen, to large crowds. George Manning and Allen and Delmain, in specialties, are the attractions in the curio hall.

MC PHERSON.

Opera House (E. H. Heithecker, manager): Minnie Madden in Caprice Dec. 24; fair business. Co. good. Cora Van Tassel 4; good business. Entire co. gave good satisfaction in Hidden Hand.

KINGMAN.

Garfield Opera House (C. F. Meers, manager): Cora Van Tassel's Hidden Hand co. played to a fair house Dec. 31. The co. and scenic effects were excellent. Frank Linden, supported by Harry Barlow and a fair co., presented Monte Cristo, Duke's Rag, and Damon and Pythias 2-4; fair business. Georgia Minstrels 30.

KENTUCKY.

PADUCAH.

Morton Opera House (John Quigley, proprietor): Fowler's and Warmington's Skipped by the Light of the Moon co. gave one of their laughable entertainments 3 to a crowded house.

LEXINGTON.

New Opera House (Scott and Mann, managers): Joseph Adelman in May Blossom 2 to fair house. MacCollin Opera co. 3-4, presenting Merry War and Blue Stocking. Fowler and Warmington in Skipped by the Light of the Moon 6.

LOUISIANA.

SHREVEPORT.

Tally's Opera House (Leon M. Carter, manager): The Grimsby-Davis co. presented Called Back and Pages of Sin, matinee and night 2, to fair audiences. Salisbury's Troubadours appeared in a promising 3, to enthusiastic audience. F. C. Bangs and Miss Helen Leigh presented Francesca da Rimini 6 and were greeted by an immense crowd.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.

Park Theatre: Brennan and Quinn's Dramatic co. in Streets of New York. Galley Slave, Led Astray, The Danites and Silver King have played to good houses and given satisfaction.

Items: The Amateurs do the Doctor of Alcantara and Trial by Jury 11-12. Hi Henry's Minstrels give one performance 13. James Gilbert, who gave one of the finest productions of Mikado and whose charming wife (Florence Bates) achieved a success as Pitt Sling two seasons ago, are at the head of a fine co., who are to give Boccaccio, Iolanthe and Mikado 13-14. The Stockbridge co. entertainment was a fine one and drew a crowded house. It is rumored that some of our prominent business men have agreed to supply the necessary funds for the erection of the new opera house, and the prospect for a suitable place of amusement is decidedly flattering, although no definite idea can yet be ascertained.

MARYLAND.

CUMBERLAND.

Academy of Music (H. W. Williamson, manager): Patti Ross delighted immense audiences 2-3, producing Bob and Love and Duty. Miss Ross is quite a favorite here. Aladdin 12, Maggie Mitchell 13-14.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HOLYOKE.

Opera House (Chas. Brothers, managers): The Bennett and Moulton Opera co. B played to the best houses they have ever had here Dec. 26-31. The new season, The Amateurs do the Doctor of Alcantara and Trial by Jury 11-12. Hi Henry's Minstrels give one performance 13. James Gilbert, who gave one of the finest productions of Mikado and whose charming wife (Florence Bates) achieved a success as Pitt Sling two seasons ago, are at the head of a fine co., who are to give Boccaccio, Iolanthe and Mikado 13-14. The Stockbridge co. entertainment was a fine one and drew a crowded house. It is rumored that some of our prominent business men have agreed to supply the necessary funds for the erection of the new opera house, and the prospect for a suitable place of amusement is decidedly flattering, although no definite idea can yet be ascertained.

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BROCKTON.

City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager): Frank Daniels in Little Puck was the only attraction for the week, and he drew a large and well pleased audience 3. Januachek 12, Tony Denier's H. D. co. 14. Robert Mac-tell 32-34.

WALTHAM.

Music Hall (W. D. Bradstreet, manager): Pretty little Jennie Yeaman, one of the brightest and best songstresses, sang and danced herself into favor with her audience. The play, which is little to comment on and less to commend; house fair.

CLINTON.

Opera House (George S. Gibson, manager): J. S. Murphy in Kerry Goo to a large house and well pleased audience 3. The co. is composed of ladies and gentlemen in every sense of the word. Thanks to the managers for courtesies received. Clara Louise Kellogg Concert co. to fair house 5, but disappointed audience. Arlington's Banjo Quartette, in the Odd Fellows' concert, 6. It was one of the best entertainments of the kind ever given in town, and to a very large audience.

SPRINGFIELD.

Gilmore's Opera House (W. C. Le Noir, manager): The Bennett-Moulton Opera co. sang Mascotte, Ermine, Fantasia, Pique, and other specialties. The Girl and Olivette 2-7, giving excellent satisfaction to overflowing houses. Jessie Hatcher and Ferris Hartman are both valuable acquisitions to the party, and are in a great measure responsible for the success of the efforts for the wearables, and often regulate make-up of Ben Lodge. The chorus is a good one. Daniel Boone co. 13, R. H. Mantell 16, Minnie Palmer 17, Dion Boucicault 25, Haulons (The Voyagers) 26, Murray and Murphy 27, Alsterstrom 30-31, Feb. 4. City Hall: Reed's Band, of Hartford, assisted by George Dean Spaulding, Gertrude May Lutkin and Musical Dale, gave an enjoyable concert to a handful of people. Gilmore's Band 31.

Afterthoughts: A young man calling himself George C. Woodman, and claiming to be agent for Hi Henry's Minstrels, has been unwinding managers and hotel-keepers in this city since last week. The manager of the Bennett-Moulton co. evening 5, Ferris Hartman resigned his position with the Bennett-Moulton co. 7, and will be succeeded by Ben Wolfe.

Opera House (John S. Moulton, manager): Seven and Daly's Triple Bill, all last week; business fluctuating. Saveau is a whole show in himself. His feats in merismar are truly wonderful. The one that struck your correspondent as being the greatest proof of his power was the one in which he carried three boys—on through the check and tongue, another through the lower lip and another through the upper lip. Not a drop of blood resulted from the puncture of the needle, and the boys were all safe. Keep it Dark 13, Charles Dickens 20.

People's Theatre (William E. White, manager): Louis Pomeroy (this was his last week; business good) left here, and he received a cordial reception from a large audience. She received deserved applause for her fine work, especially as Hamlet. Her support was very superior, and much better than past season. Leslie Goodenow.

Things Various: John W. Palmieri, last year agent for Louise Pomeroy, is her manager this year, and also one of the proprietors of the co., and he is as bright as the sun. The co. is the youngest and most promising on the road, and his claim is undoubtedly good, being but 23. He reports business as rather poor so far, but is confident of making money before the season closes.

Wilton Co. of St. Louis, the clever comedienne, has been appointed one of Uncle Sam's letter-carriers. Both the houses have felt the depressing influence of the holidays. The business will undoubtedly be much better for the balance of the season.

WILMINGTON.

Theatre (Charles Wilkinson, manager): The attractions for the past week were Keep It Dark and Our Jennie. The business was quite light. Silver King 12-14, Bennett and Moulton Opera co. week of 16, Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty 21, Dion Boucicault 26-8, Held by the Enemy 31-Feb. 2, Sol Smith Russell 1, The Two Johns 3-4, The Drummer Boy by the G. A. R. 6-14.

Items: The Yeamans comb. collapsed here. Miss Yeamans had enough money with her to take the co. to New York, settle the hotel bills, etc. She was very much disturbed by the occurrence, and at first refused to appear. She was, however, prevailed upon to go on and fill the date. I understand the co. is to be reorganized.—There is a general complaint by the travelling co. of bad business, many attributing it to the holidays.

TAUNTON.

Music Hall (A. B. White, proprietor): Frank Daniels presented for the first time in the city his new piece, Little Puck, 5, to large house. Audience in rapt. Mr. Daniels proved himself a comedian of no mean order by his assumption of the character of Puckham Giltedge. His every movement is original. Bease Sanson, George Woodward and Robert Fraser are the only members of co. deserving of mention.

LAWRENCE.

Opera House (A. L. Grant, manager): John E. Ince 2 in Fun in a Boarding School to fair house. Co. fair. Little Millie Smith in her dancing deserved mention. Lovellburg Fantasies 5; to poor business.

SALEM.

Mechanics' Hall (Charles A. Moulton and Johnson, managers): Hennessy Brothers' Little Minstrels to fair houses 5-7.

Lycium Hall (G. W. Buffum, manager): Daniels' Concert co. 2-7 to big houses.

CHILSEA.

Academy of Music (James B. Field, manager): Keep It Dark was played before a large audience 6. This being the first appearance of this co. in this city, and a very fine performance was given. The co., as a whole, was very good.

MICHIGAN.

At the Detroit Opera House The Highest Bidder was played to large houses the first half of the past week. The latter part of the week C. A. Gardner in the New Co. to fair business. The week Frank Mayo will occupy the house with Royal Guard and Nordeck.

At White's Grand Opera House W. U. & Co. was the attraction for the first half of the week to good audience. The co. is composed of ladies and gentlemen, and co. presented Adrienne As You Like It, Donna Diana and Romeo and Juliet for four performances.

Whitney's Grand Opera House: N. S. Wood in Waifs of the West 12, to large house. The play is a success. A good performance to a crowded house. Alice Townsend was the favorite; the Amazonian march was a taking feature.

Ninth Street Theatre: The mere mention of this house is the synonym for "standing-room only" houses, and Dan Sully's opening Monday evening in Daddy Nolan was no exception to the rule. Of course every night was a repetition of the first. Corner Grocery alternated with Daddy Nolan.

Goose: The auditorium of the Warner Grand has been considerably improved, and the heating facilities seem to be quite adequate.—The Dan Sully co. withdrew from the city, and the co. was very ill. The co. is composed of ladies and gentlemen, and co. presented Adrienne As You Like It, Donna Diana and Romeo and Juliet for four performances.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

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Armstrong, Sydney	Jack, E. B.
Barry, W. J.	Johnson, Lewis
Billy, J. B.	Kearney, Alex.
Birk, R. H.	Kellogg, J. E.
Bussell, Virginia	King, Louis
Brodrick, G. Stuart	Kessard, Jennie
Bradt, John	Lawrence, Fred.
Buby, J. E.	Leone, H.
Berry, Elmer	Leonard, Mabel
Batler, C. W.	Longworth, D. G.
Bowers, Frank B.	Linden, Harry
Beers, F. E.	Lang, C. Z.
Breilock, Anna	Mills, T. E.
Blakemore, H. D.	Mason, John B.
Brooks, J. E.	Morrison, Lindsey
Crooney, Lillian	Mathews, John
Carter, Cora	Miller, George
Chapelle, W. J.	Martelli, J.
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Cook, John	McGraw, W. & Co.
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Hopper, DeWolf	McGraw, W. & Co.
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Hedley, King, ph.	McGraw, W. & Co.
Hoge, Corlie	McGraw, W. & Co.
Hilton, Minnie	McGraw, W. & Co.
Howard, Godfrey	McGraw, W. & Co.
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Harley, Mattie	McGraw, W. & Co.
Hall, George F.	McGraw, W. & Co.
Harcourt, Will	McGraw, W. & Co.
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*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

A "Notice" for Mr. Comstock.

A few weeks ago New York was irritated by the arrest of a well-known Fifth Avenue picture dealer for having in his possession and offering for sale photographic copies of noted pictures by European painters. Mr. Anthony Comstock's active and acute imagination filled these pictures with prurency, and on Mr. Anthony Comstock's complaint the art-dealer was arrested.

The daily papers took the matter up, and got the sense of the rational portion of the community with respect to it. That sense was found to be almost universally opposed to Mr. Anthony Comstock's lewd interpretation of accepted artistic conceptions. The opinion was also very generally expressed both in public and private that Mr. Anthony Comstock, excellent as are the principles and purposes of the Society to whose interests his services are devoted, was becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Very often a misconception or misunderstanding of motives leads to unjustly severe judgment. It is always well before proclaiming convictions to allow them ample time to settle.

Perhaps criticism on Mr. Anthony Comstock's action would have been less harsh had people waited for the innocent little publisher's announcement with its request for a "notice," that THE MIRROR has just received. It contains the interesting information that Mr. Anthony Comstock has written a little book on the subject of Morals versus Art. It goes on to say that—

The recent arrests in New York for a violation of the law have created intense excitement. The book should have a wide circulation, and it will be mailed to any address for ten cents, or a special price per hundred.

The man who finds obscenity in the

masterpieces of the *salon* probably blushed as a babe because he must needs drink nourishment from Nature's fount; but the man who, posing as a guardian of public morals, advertises himself or his book by means of a sensation that he himself has created, lays himself open to the suspicion of being a sham and a hypocrite.

Native Work Ascendant.

Let us glance over the list of entertainments now before the New York public at twelve theatres:

Madison Square.....	Elaine.....	American.
Union Square.....	Henrietta.....	do.
Standard.....	Paul Kavan.....	do.
Wallack's.....	Fashion.....	do.
Harrison's Park.....	Pete.....	do.
Fifth Avenue.....	Dr. Jekyll.....	do.
Lyceum.....	The Wife.....	do.
Dockstader's.....	Minstrel.....	do.
Fourteenth Street.....	Minstrel.....	do.
Bijou Opera House.....	Cosair.....	do.
Niblo's.....	Run of Luck.....	do.
Grand Opera House.....	Jim the Penman.....	do.

A similar list picked up almost any time in mid-season twenty years ago would reveal no such strongly preponderant nationality in our amusements. On the contrary English productions were well-nigh universal. We got our plays, like our wines, from abroad.

Let us look across the sea to London, our big cousin in metropolitanism. There we find an extraordinary and unprecedented state of affairs. The theatrical atmosphere is laden with Americanism. Mary Anderson holds Irving's stronghold bravely with *A Winter's Tale*; Grace Hawthorne is successfully managing the Princess and pluckily presenting American plays, while other instances show that our players and playwrights are bent on sharing honors and emoluments abroad as well as monopolizing them here.

It is interesting to recall that the first opening made for the exportation of American artistic produce to London dates back to 1860, when *The Octoroon* and *The Colleen Bawn*—two New York plays were presented there. They were quickly followed by *The Poor of New York*, and *Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle* in 1865. Since that time until now a steady progress has been going on in the matter of reducing the importation of English plays and actors to rational proportions and increasing the exportation of our produce of the same description.

The *New York Herald* is behind the age when it devotes a column of double-leaded type to the production of a second-class drama in London, while it stupidly ignores the claims of many important native productions. This is old-fashioned snobbery. The *New York* event which it overlooks or casually notices may be destined to occupy an enduring position on the London stage. Such has been the case in a dozen instances.

The productions of *Theodora* and *La Tosca* are examples of plays which were *Herald*-ed in a conspicuous manner. If a great success were to occur here in New York, either of actor, actress or new play, would the *European Herald* devote a double-leaded column and a "spread" heading to such an event?

The truth is the American shop is self-supporting. We require no importation of any kind. The greater number of plays and actors that have been recently brought over have caused heavy losses to the speculators who have dealt in them.

Next season there will be added to the existing theatres four or five more new establishments—the new Broadway Theatre, a new theatre on Broadway and Thirtieth street, another in West Twenty-third street, and one—perhaps two—in the building to be erected on the site of the Madison Square Garden. The steadily increasing popularity of the playhouse, the enormous growth of our population, make these theatrical enterprises feasible.

The present "tramp" system—so detestable to the actor, so fatal to artistic progress—shows some signs of giving way. The example of such managers as Messrs. Palmer, Frohman and Daly will very likely do much to restore, in a measure, the plan of resident companies. It is evident that if Messrs. Burroughs, Russell, Coghlan, Cayvan, Rehan and Dillon, and Messrs. Stoddart, Lewis, Drew, Fisher and Kelcey had been distributed among the "tramp" companies they would never have existed as prominent features of the New York stage. There are plenty of similar artists who only require a good manager to give them a local habitation and a name.

The world has never seen a city of the magnitude of New York—which vies with London and Paris in importance—which has no home for drama. London has sunk low enough, but if Drury Lane has become a Bowery Theatre and the Haymarket has fallen equally from its high estate as the home of comedy, we still find the Lyceum and the St. James' maintaining some kind of home and character.

We have all the materials here for two first-class theatres, one for tragedy and one for comedy. The prolonged success of Mr. Wallack before he deserted his flag and descended from his position, the steady success of Mr. Palmer, disclose undoubted results in the latter direction.

The supplies of material for tragedy are less apparent. The boom that Mr. Booth is enjoying is largely due to a popular uprising to counterbalance the boom of Mr. Irving. Let the Irving craze subside and the Booth boom will probably go down to the level it occupied two or three years ago. We have budding tragedians that may fill the bill; but not so if they become stars before they have cut their teeth.

Copyright.

It is seldom that such sensible, progressive ideas are expressed in a Presbyterian pulpit as those which the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke uttered to his congregation in the Brick Church last Sunday morning. The clergyman said, as THE MIRROR has often said, the question of compensation to authors is to be discussed not in the light of politics or of economy, nor of national contrespy, but in the light of moral law. The effects of literary piracy are felt in the diffusion of foreign novels, which people buy because they are cheap, in the discouragement of American literature, and in the demoralization of the popular conscience by a lack of consistency between our national professions and our national conduct. This inconsistency he aptly illustrated in the following words:

Our country professes to be founded on justice and the desire to secure to every man his natural right, and yet it refuses to recognize the right of intellectual property within its own borders, if the owner be a citizen of another country. The effect of this policy upon the moral sense of the nation must be just the same as that produced upon the moral sense of the boy if his father told him, "My son, it is a sin to steal a pin, but it is not a sin to steal a book from an Englishman."

The interests of international copyright are now in good hands. There seems to be an unprecedented accession of friends to the cause. Let us hope it will not languish, for with the establishment of copyright relations abroad the native dramatic guild will profit equally with the literarians.

To the authors and their friends, therefore, we may confidently entrust the effort to secure an international copyright treaty, giving such assistance as we can. But all our energies should now be centered upon a matter of far greater urgency and concern to all classes of the profession—authors, actors, managers, play-owners—which is the passage of an amendment to the present defective and practically inoperative domestic copyright law, and which will serve to completely destroy the outrageous evil of wholesale play-piracy from which we now suffer. The opportunity to unite for this object is near at hand.

More Spots on the "Sun."

The dramatic editor of the *Sun* expresses admiration for dramatic newspapers that are "exactly fair and honest in their editorial conduct, indulging in no bushwhacking habits or questionable methods." This is an unexpected compliment to THE MIRROR. We are not lacking in appreciation any more than in fairness, but we sincerely wish that our contemporary were honestly qualified to speak in similar terms of its own editorial policy.

The *Sun's* dramatic department, by the way, has latterly lost a good deal of its old time spirit and sparkle. An evidence of its paucity was seen last Sunday in its resurrection of the mildewed story of the joke perpetrated on Adelaide Neilson's husband by Florence, Bryant and the other knights of the late Edward Sotherton's merry round-table. The *Sun*, as usual, twists what was once a good anecdote into pointless shape, and errs in stating its locale.

But this is not quite so bad as the mirthful messes served up by the *Evening Sun's* theatrical merryandrew. Last Saturday in a paragraph purporting to correct some trivial inaccuracy in the *World* this ingenious person referred to a lady who "has been starring in Fun on the Bristol at the Third Avenue Theatre this week." Fun on the Bristol was not played last week at the theatre named.

By no means would we remove these spots from the two *Suns*—we have become used to them. Their absence would deprive us of a regular and unfailing source of amusement.

Personal.

GRANGER—Maude Granger is making a second tour of the United States this season.

BANQUET.—The Press Club's annual banquet will take place at Delmonico's on Feb. 16.

McKEE.—Mrs. Frank McKee (Isabelle Coe) presented her husband with a baby girl last week.

ADDISON.—On account of illness, Grace Addison has been obliged to leave the Human Nature company.

FIELD.—Frances Field has been ill in Omaha for a month past, but she is now reported to be convalescent.

MULLE.—Ida Mülle, the prima donna in petto, has returned to the city, and is continuing her musical studies.

CLAYTON.—Estelle Clayton is shortly going starring in her play, *A Sad Coquette*. H. S. Taylor has charge of the booking.

COGHLAN.—Rose Coghlan's quarrel with Abbey is but one of the series of unpleasant incidents of this season at Wallack's.

SMITH.—Fully \$1,500 was realized by John P. Smith through the benefit given him at the Star Theatre last Sunday evening.

MARLOWE.—Virginia Marlowe is playing Nora in *Kerry Gow* with J. S. Murphy this season, and winning many words of praise.

JOHNSTONE.—Sibyl Johnstone has recovered from her illness. She resumed her place in the cast of the *Henrietta* on Tuesday night.

MARRIED.—George A. Waller, formerly manager of Frank I. Frayne, and Marian Nevada West were married last Thursday in Chicago.

IRVING.—It is said that Henry Irving hesitates to visit San Francisco because he fears that he could not more than clear his heavy expenses.

HARRINGTON.—Helen Harrington has been engaged for the part of Aladdin in *The Arabian Nights*. She opened in Boston on Monday night.

MANTELL.—A striking plaster-of-paris plaque of Robert Mantell has been made by the sculptor Baer, and is being used for advertising purposes.

DAVENPORT.—Louise Davenport (Mrs. W. E. Sheridan) has returned to San Francisco from Australia. She was long Mr. Sheridan's leading woman, and became his wife a few years before his death.

HAVERLY.—J. H. Haverly is negotiating for the management of the Warder Grand Opera House, Kansas City. At this writing his prospects are bright.

CHASE.—Last week Arthur B. Chase renewed his contract with Lawrence Barrett for three years. He receives a certain sum weekly and a percentage of the receipts.

AINSWORTH.—Stella Chase Ainsworth, a recent San Francisco debutante, is preparing to enter the professional ranks. Whether her ambition is stellar or the stock is not mooted.

KELLER.—Mrs. John E. Keller has been obliged to give up her engagement with the Florences in order to undergo an operation for cancer at the hands of the specialist, Dr. Hunter.

PLYMPTON.—Eben Plympton has been engaged for Mme. Modjeska's company, and will join that organization when it begins its engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Jan. 30.

CAREY.—Edna Carey has made a success as May Joyce in *A Dark Secret* in Brooklyn. The local critics say that she acts the part with fervor and takes her ducking in the tank like a pretty sea-nymph.

ANDERSON.—Julia Anderson is in hope of soon being able to reorganize her company, which dispersed early in November owing to the star's illness. Miss Anderson is at her mother's residence in Newport.

HILFORD.—Last week Marie Hilfords closed a short but successful engagement at Philadelphia with the Hoop of Gold company, in which she played Ruth Bullion. She is at present in town and disengaged.

WILLIAMS.—Nobles of the Mystic Shrine attended Gus Williams' opening in Boston on Monday night in a body and presented him with a ring studded with gems. Manager William Harris made the speech.

WEBB.—Mrs. Harriet Webb, the distinguished reader, will introduce two of her pupils, Amy De Von and Belle Stevenson at an entertainment in Chickering Hall on Friday evening. Mrs. Webb will also be assisted by Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistler, and Lilly Runals, soprano.

ROBSON.—Stuart Robson has been made a grandfather. On Friday last his daughter Alecia became the mother of a baby girl, and on Saturday night the comedian lost no time after the performance in travelling up to Cohasset to see the new-comer.

DAVIS.—J. K. Emmet, Jr., has presented J. Charles Davis with a handsome malacca cane surmounted by a silver crown. The crown supports a ball of lapis azuli, a precious stone from Russia which is considered lucky. Mr. Davis claims to possess the choicest collection of canes in this country.

BOUCAULT.—Dion Boucault for years has been writing a volume of memoirs. It will be, when completed, a unique and valuable work, embracing impressions of a remarkably wide circle of famous people transcribed while they were fresh in mind, besides recollections of events that have become historic. The publication is awaited eagerly.

YEAMANS.—Jennie Yeamans is resting this week. She will reopen in Buffalo next Monday night with a strengthened company. In the meantime Our Jennie is being improved, and Miss Yeamans' part therein being made over to resemble the naive and mischievous Innocent Kidd, in which the little lady made such a hit in the original production of A Parlor Match.

The New Players' Club.

Last Friday Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, A. M. Palmer, Joseph Jefferson, General Sherman, Mark Twain, T. B. Aldrich and other men prominent in dramatic and literary circles met at lunch in Delmonico's and decided, after some discussion, to found the Players' Club, somewhat after the pattern of the Garrick Club in London. These were stated to be its objects:

First—To provide for social intercourse among the members of the dramatic profession, artists, and the patrons of art.

Second—For the formation of a dramatic library and a house for dramatic records.

Third—To collect historical data of the stage in general and of the American stage in particular.

Those present constituted themselves the charter members. Articles of incorporation were promptly drawn up by the committee on organization, of which Mr. Palmer is chairman.

The club will buy a building which will be made the repository of its library and valuable theatrical relics. Messrs. Booth and Barrett will make it the legate of their choice literary collections. A semi-official report states that "It is the intention to make of the club one which shall be peculiar to itself, and which will be a worthy representative of the dignified members of the dramatic profession."

It is the intention of the Actors' Fund to buy a building, establish a library and provide a place for the deposit of relics and pictures. To learn whether the scheme of the Players' Club had superseded or curtailed the plans of the Fund, a MIRROR representative called upon President Palmer.

Questioned on this point Mr. Palmer remarked that he trusted no such erroneous impression would gain currency. Continuing, he said:

"The new Club in no sense affects the Actors' House and Library, projected by the Fund. We are inspecting property now for that purpose. A good many art treasures will go to the Players' Club, but it is not intended as a substitute for the Fund's House."

"In this connection I want to say that the interests of the Fund are first and foremost with me, and I shall allow nothing else to interfere with those interests so far as I am concerned. At the same time I hold myself free to go into other things that may be of equally permanent benefit to the profession."

Sardou as a Plagiarist.

Mr. Maurice Barrymore believes that M. Victorien Sardou is a plagiarist, and that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is accessory to the act. M. Sardou pooh-poohs Mr. Barrymore, and Mme. Bernhardt, in an eloquent fit of temper, discloses her opinion that the young author of *Nadjeida* is a fool. Other Frenchmen lift their eyebrows and remark that "*Ce Barrymore doit être un drôle d'homme*."

And yet the clever Sardou, author of half a dozen remarkable plays, is really not impeccable. He can "lift" a scene or an idea with the adroitness of a Shakespeare, a Molière, or a Boucicault.

The dramatist who believes strictly that there is a moral copyright in human invention is yet to be found. But there is something better than a copyright—the authentic stamp of talent or genius—in the costume of ideas. All of us can steal; few of us can apply to judicious thievery the brilliant millinery of art. After all shall be said on this subject—and especially apropos to the stagecraft of Sardou—the fact remains that, while he may be considered as essentially an original dramatist, he is a plagiarist in spite of himself.

The damning proof of this is closely indicated in the following statement contributed by that faithful and unbiased *chroniqueur*, Albert Millaud, to one of the newspapers of Paris, and which I have translated in the cause of honesty and Barrymore. Here are M. Millaud's painful revelations:

"No day passes without the discovery of a fresh plagiarism by Sardou. Yesterday we happened to meet M. Dumas, wearing a top-coat, a high silk-hat, blackened gaiters, and carrying an umbrella. He was moving towards the Saint Lazare station. He bought a ticket for Marly and entered a first class carriage."

"Five minutes later, M. Sardou plagiarized him. This eternal offender climbed the stairway to the *chemin de fer de l'Ouest*, clad in a top-coat, with a high silk-hat, and carrying an umbrella. He, too, bought a ticket for Marly, and we saw him enter a first-class compartment. It can hardly be said that he endeavored to disguise his larceny by leaning on a brown umbrella, whereas M. Dumas flourished a black one."

"During the last twenty days M. Emile Augier has been eating partridge, pheasant, and hare. We learn from the most trustworthy source that M. Sardou is now served several times a week with hare, pheasant, and partridge. The clever author of *Theodora* may try to affirm that he never poached from M. Augier. The evidence is too strong against him."

M. Sardou was born a plagiarist, and a plagiarist he will die. Everyone knows that M. Labiche, in order to work out his plays, reflects, seats himself at his desk, takes a roll of paper, then a pen, and writes. What does M. Sardou do? Precisely what M. Labiche does."

"M. Sardou forces plagiarism into the smallest affairs of life. He plagiarizes from the *bourgeois* in having, like him, a wife, children, a valet de chambre, and a nurse; by reading his newspaper in the morning, and drinking a glass of *sau sucree* or toddy before bedtime. He wears slippers, and, like you and me, hires a cab when he doesn't want to walk."

"Mr. Sardou is preparing several plays for the years 1880, 1890, 1891, and subsequently. Already a large number of writers have expressed themselves against these works, concerning which, however, M. Sardou has not formed the faintest idea. So long as M. Sardou does not robe himself in the Japanese fashion, nor wear rings in his nose, or bells on his toes; so long as he does not eat pounded glass, cactus *en salade*, and vipers *a la broche*; so long as he does not ride on a white elephant, preceded by a showman who rains blows on all those who refuse to bow before the pachyderm; so long as he does not write plays in Javanese upon events which occur in Robinson Crusoe's island, M. Sardou will be and remain a plagiarist, and this is quite as it should be."

After such an explicit denunciation of Mr. Sardou's evil methods, Mr. Barrymore may admit with satisfaction that misery enjoys company.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

The other day in order to get Ah Fook, the Chinese actor, across the line into Canada along with the rest of the Golden Giant company, Harry Miner had to pay \$50 on him for customs' duty. Ah Fook had a passport from the Chinese Consul in this city, asking the Canadian authorities "to pass him free and give him all lawful protection," but it was of no avail. Now, according to Toronto advices, the Oriental Thespian is very much frightened over the whole transaction, as somebody has told him Manager Miner would have to pay extra duty to bring him back to the States, and consequently is tempted to leave him altogether to the tender mercies of the Kanucks.

The proprietor of a newstand, where I sometimes get an evening paper, is minus the legs with which he started to walk through life.

When I bought an *Evening Sun* the other night for five minutes' enjoyment of the hilarious blunders in its hotch-potch theatrical column, I noticed a pile of unsold copies, while the *Mails* and *Telegrams* were all gone. "Business bad?" I inquired of the truncated dealer.

"Oh, I can't kick!" he replied, with deliciously unconscious wit.

Visitors at the Star are presented with a pretty portrait of Hedwig Raabe, having on the reverse the advertisement of a malt-hop tonic. In view of the gentle sweetness of Raabe's favorite characters, the Sage thinks this highly appropriate. Her motto is probably "Beer and for-beer."

A cable from the other side conveys the news that Nate Salisbury sailed for New York by the *City of Berlin* on Tuesday. A small section of the vast army of the Wild West's friends have arranged to celebrate his return becomingly with a banquet, to which such notables as General Sherman, Robert Ingersoll, Chauncey Depew, Larry Jerome, Erastus Wiman, General Porter and Mayor Hewitt are bidden. The affair will take place shortly after Salisbury's arrival at the Westminster Hotel.

At the meeting of the Trustees of the Actors' Fund last Thursday a letter from Henry Irving was read, accepting with expressions of gratitude and appreciation the life membership that had recently been tendered him by the Board for valuable services rendered to the institution.

The President of the Fund has written to the Directors of the American Dramatic Fund Association in regard to the proposed distribution of the money the latter organization has accumulated, urging, on good grounds, that it be given instead to the younger and stronger charity, and offering to continue to provide for present annuitants. The President further requested that a joint committee of the two associations should be formed for the purpose of discussing the matter. Such a committee, so a director of the American Dramatic Fund tells me, will probably be formed. I know that many of the most influential men in the old institution are opposed to a division of money that was largely contributed by the public with the tacit understanding that it was to be devoted to the benevolent and charitable objects for which the Association was founded.

A clever and popular young actress, now appearing at an up-town theatre, read the Christmas *MIRROR*, was delighted with it, and expressed her appreciation in a pleasant note, an extract from which was printed in these columns among scores of similar encomiums. She tells me that a man connected with an obscure weekly paper met her in the street and raved her impudently because she had expressed her honest convictions in regard to *THE MIRROR*. He asserted menacingly that she "had gotten every other dramatic paper down on her." The young lady very justly replied that this could hardly be true, as *THE MIRROR* was the only dramatic paper. Ten years ago actors were terrorized by a sheet edited by a bushwhacker. They covered beneath his brutal blows, and tremblingly paid him tribute. Dramatic journalism then was synonymous with open blackmail and blackguardism; it fairly stank in the nostrils of the profession, and the press. *THE MIRROR* changed all this. It crippled the bushwhacker and drove him out of the place where for so long he had swung his club unhindered. It cut away the rottenness

and corruption, acquired the confidence and support of the actors, managers and public, and by a regenerating process brought dramatic journalism to a plane where it commands the respect of all friends of the stage. The influence of *THE MIRROR* upon the theatre and its people during the past decade has been of incalculable benefit. Its tendency has been to lift the profession and to increase the esteem and admiration in which the profession is held. It has been something more than an enterprising, sprightly comprehensive theatrical newspaper—it has aimed to be a true and sturdy friend to the guild.

There's nothing new under the borders—not even the theatrical tank, which has latterly been the subject of litigation respecting rights to its use. Mr. Boucicault remembers an identical tank that was used at the Adelphi Theatre, London, during the season of 1838-9. It was employed in a piece called *Die Hexam am Rhein* in the same manner as in *A Dark Secret*, and the diving business was done by a young man named Burke.

A newspaper man was descending on abnormal caputs the other day in my hearing. "One of the oddest kind of 'swelled head' that I ever saw," he remarked, "is that which rests on the shoulders of Charles B. Jefferson. The reason why it is odd is because it is swelled without reason. He has been squibbed as part author or reviser of *A Dark Secret*, and the success of the piece in this country is largely attributed to him. Do you know what he wrote? One line—Dark blue forever! Hosmer wins! Among his friends he is now known as the dark blue playwright."

Alfred Ayres tells me that there is much confusion in the use of the words *amateur* and *novice*, although they are entirely distinct from each other in meaning. An *amateur* is one versed in, or a lover and practitioner of, any particular pursuit, art, or science, but not engaged in it professionally. A *novice* is a beginner, a tyro. A professional actor, then, that is new and unskilled in his art, is a novice and not an amateur. An amateur may be an artist of great experience and extraordinary skill.

A reunion of the Goethe Club will be held at the Brunswick next Wednesday evening. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, will deliver an address on Goethe and Shakespeare, with some remarks on the Baconian hypothesis. Parke Godwin is president and A. M. Palmer vice-president of the club.

"Why will this season be the best we have had in a thousand years?" Charles Kent asked W. H. Crane between the acts of *The Henrietta* the other night. Crane has a tender regard for his mental department, and not wishing to unduly exercise it, gave the conundrum up.

"Because," said Kent, putting on a life preserver, "it's a three-eight rical year!"

Three hundred Brooklyn athletes went to the Brooklyn Theatre on Monday night to see the *Dark Secret*, allured specially by loyalty to George Hosmer, the oarsman. Between the acts the young fellows cut up all sorts of capers. A member marched up the centre aisle bearing a placard on which were painted the combination of Bunnie-Bunting fame, "K. M. Q." When he reached the lobby this was translated as an invitation to "Kick Me Quick," a desire that was not overlooked.

Daniel Bandmann is seen about town these days picturesquely clad in flannel shirt and fur-trimmed great-coat, suggestive of the ranch in Montana that he left a short time ago to resume acting for a time. Bandmann has made a close study of the cattle-raising business. He owns a large tract and a promising herd. Thus far the enterprise, he tells me, has brought no profit, but he predicts a cattle famine on account of the large losses of stock in certain sections, and expects soon to derive a handsome surplus from his investment.

George Richards, the comedian with the Hole in the Ground party, says that he has received a letter from an Australian named Reginald W. Richards, asking if the former is the George Richards, that left London for America twenty years ago, in which case Reginald is George's son. As George is only thirty-four and was born here, of course he isn't the George that Reginald wants. But George, thinking that the real George may want to find Reginald, asks me to make a note of the matter, in the hope that father and son may be united. Reginald's professional name is Reginald Rede, and the unknown George can reach him by addressing a letter to the United Service Club Hotel, Collins street, East Melbourne.

The Albany Benefit.

For the Fund benefit to be given by Mrs. Leland at the Leland Opera House, Albany, next Thursday night, A. M. Palmer, who has direction of the affair, has arranged a bill of exceptional interest and special strength. Matilda Maddison will deliver her monologue; Maude Harrison and Walden Ramsay are to give *A Happy Pair*; Alexander Salvini does a recitation; Agnes Booth and Joseph Whiting appear in *Old Love Letters*; Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault, assisted by Mason Mitchell and others, play *Kerry*; and Mr. Palmer, in behalf of the Fund, will make a brief address.

The benefit is under the auspices of Governor David B. Hill, the Mayor of Albany, a number of prominent State and local functionaries and other leading citizens. The sale of seats is reported to be large, and there is no doubt that a handsome sum will be netted by the Fund.

La Tosca.

Edwin H. Price, Fanny Davenport's husband and manager, arrived on the *Elbe* on Sunday last, after a trip abroad of six or seven weeks, bringing with him the scene-plots and costumes for the production of *La Tosca* at the New Broadway Theatre on Feb. 27.

"I left here on Nov. 30," said Mr. Price to a *MIRROR* reporter, "and went direct to Paris, where, of course, I lost no time in seeing Sarah Bernhardt in *La Tosca* at the Porte St. Martin and visiting Sardou. It is a great play, without a doubt, but so much has already been written about it that it is not necessary for me to say much. It is entirely suited to Miss Davenport, and I am positive that it will be one of the greatest successes of her life.

"The play has made such a terrific hit in Paris that you have to get your seats away ahead. The cheapest seat I could get—and I had hard work to get even that—was a very bad one, and for which I paid five dollars. The Parisian audiences are very enthusiastic over certain scenes, and there are loud cries of 'brava' at some of the stirring moments. As a general thing, even the ordinary applause is done by a claque. I saw M. Sardou, the Thursday of my departure, and got everything I went over for—the models, the scene-plots and the description of the costumes. The adaptation is already made, and Messrs. French and Sanger are hard at work getting up the scenery and properties. There will be one or two additions made to the already strong company supporting Miss Davenport. Rehearsals will be begun in a few days."

Movements of Jekyll and Hyde.

"Richard Mansfield's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre," said Manager E. D. Price to a *MIRROR* reporter the other day, "has proved very brilliant and prosperous. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde crowded the house every night. We change the bill on Thursday night to a Parisian Romance—for two reasons: First, Mr. Mansfield is worn out by the tremendous strain of the dual role, and, second, we have been overrun with requests that he should be seen as the Baron Chevalier. The latter play will only have four representations, as the engagement closes here on Saturday night. The advance sale for these four performances reached \$2,000 on the first day the box sheet was opened.

"It is quite necessary that Mr. Mansfield should stop playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde continuously. The nervous strain is terrible. Dr. Buckingham Smith, Dr. Bosworth and other physicians say that it is absolutely necessary that he should spare himself and do something else occasionally.

"Mr. Mansfield opens at the Boston Globe Theatre next Monday night for two weeks. John Stetson writes that he will certainly play to \$20,000 on the fortnight. He says that Boston is simply hungry for this engagement. We appear in Brooklyn and in this vicinity later, and then make a flying trip Westward. Time is filled to the end of the season, about the middle of May, and then Mr. Mansfield will play his usual Spring engagement at the Boston Museum."

The Kanuck.

"Although I produce Macbeth at Niblo's Garden on Feb. 13," said McKee Rankin to the *MIRROR* reporter who met him strolling up Broadway the other afternoon, "my principal business now is feeling around for an opening for a serio-comic drama, in four acts, entitled *The Kanuck*, in which I shall play a role new to the stage, and as much a character-picture in its way as the Josh Whitcomb of Denman Thompson—namely, the part of a French Canadian. The play itself, which is by an author who prefers to keep in the background for the present, being new to the business of writing plays, is strong and full of pathetic interest, dealing as it does with strong filial love. I am adapting it and putting it into stage shape. There is considerable fun as well as action in the play, and there will be quite a little local life in it.

"The first act takes place at the home of a sturdy Vermont, right on the border of this country and Canada, and the second and third in New York, one of the scenes showing the bar-room at the Hoffman House and another the Stock Exchange during a flurry in the market. The last act takes us back to the home of the Vermont. There will be a number of songs of home and voyageur life. One thing I would like to impress on you, and that is that just as George Cable's works are new to literature, so will this characterization be new to the stage. No one can depict the French Canadians who has not been among them. The character is not at all like the Monsieur of Mr. Mansfield. It is a character to be found in but two places—in Montreal and through the province of Quebec—and among the New Orleans people. I played the character once a number of years ago in Chicago in a three-act farce, called *The First Night*, and it made an emphatic hit."

Miss Levere's Re-entrance.

Rose Levere, who has been traveling in Europe for a year or more, engaged in observation and study, has returned to the city, and is engaged in preparation for a Spring tour. Miss Levere made her last appearance in this country at the Windsor Theatre in July, 1886. In a casual meeting with a *MIRROR* reporter, Miss Levere spoke of this engagement and other matters.

"I was more than pleased with my reception by the New York press," said the lady, "and have carefully preserved all the notices. It was indeed a triumph for a Summer engagement—and you know what a Summer engagement in New York usually means, especially at the combination houses. As to my coming tour, I am on the lookout for a busi-

ling and experienced manager—one who will take a financial interest. I do not want a 'backer,' so called. I am willing to shoulder the greater financial responsibility. But I am tired of grab bag management—of managers who try to find out what onslaught one's bank-account will stand.

"It is my intention to open a Spring season about the middle of March, and I do not fear the result under proper management. I have been improving myself by hard study for over a year. While I prefer tragedy, and shall not abandon it altogether, I shall, by the advice of those competent to advise, appear in some of the higher comedies. I am told by these judges that comedy is my forte. My repertoire will include tragedy, emotional and comedy. By the way, there is an impression in some quarters that I am an amateur or a novice. This is not true; I have been on the professional stage several seasons. I have had a fairly bought experience, but it will stand me in good stead in the future. Like many another, I am on the lookout for a new play; but I am difficult to please—have not as yet found anything to suit, and am rather weary of pouring over manuscripts."

The Winter Circus.

What would childhood be without the circus? Who of us does not recall the intense eagerness with which we awaited the arrival of the elephants, the trick donkeys, the caged lions, the white horses, the little lady, and the clown who offered her a hoop? Recognizing the fact that Barnum has forsaken us for the nonce, Frank A. Robbins has established a Winter circus at the American Institute building. A *MIRROR* reporter attended a performance in a critical capacity. From his account the enterprise is deserving of success, although not remarkable as an equestrian entertainment. The band under the leadership of Professor James J. Burns, played excruciatingly out of tune, several of the instruments being at times fully half a note below the pitch. The programme comprised Professor Nell Smith and his educated dogs; Baggesson, the human corkscrew; Julia Lowande and Mlle. Mario, in various feats of bareback riding; El Nino Eddie, the tight-rope dancer; Charles W. Fish, the somersault rider; Purvis and his funny donkeys, the Davennes, in their trapeze acts and mid-air flights; Charles Phillips, who manipulates four horses at once, besides various adjuncts of the dime museum after the regular performance. There are two rings divided by a platform, and double attractions are offered throughout the entertainment. The auditorium is kept comfortably warm, and the entire management evinces an experienced hand.

Bad Dressing-Rooms.

We have received many letters and complaints on the subject of the dressing-rooms, a number of which are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. Graham Earle brings some charges against the manager of a theatre in an Illinois town:

MATTOON, Ill., Dec. 31, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—In your crusade against those local managers who care nothing for the comfort of the people on the stage you have done righteous work; but if you could have had the experience which we have just undergone you would redouble your efforts in that direction. We have just closed a week's engagement in the "Opera House," Mattoon, Ill., a barn managed by J. W. Hanna. The auditorium of this "amusement temple" is cold, dirty and cheerless, but it is an Eden compared to the stage and dressing-rooms. The stage is without heat of any sort, and the wind blows in from crevices in the roof with a keenness that would be refreshing with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, but which is rather depressing in holiday weather. There are two dressing-rooms, one set for the gentlemen (without carpets, and another for the ladies. The last-named has the floor covered with a dirty, ragged substance which this local manager dignifies with the name of carpet. In neither of the rooms will the manager allow a fire to be lighted, until twenty minutes before seven p. m., as he is afraid of burning too much coal. Every member of this company has taken a severe cold as a result of the week's hardship.

This Hanna has neither property-man or stage hands in his house, and after contracting to furnish properties will furnish nothing. Very respectfully,
Graham Earle, Company.

Letters of thanks from professionals for taking up this subject for reform are frequently found in *THE MIRROR*'s mailbag. An actress, who has had serious cause for complaint, sends us the following:

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 8, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the interest you have taken in the condition of the dressing-rooms throughout the country. I know that a great deal of my sickness was caused by being compelled to dress in damp, unclean and, in every respect, unhealthy rooms. I hope that your kindness in this matter will be appreciated by every member of the profession as much as it is by yours truly.
JULIA ANDERSON.

The rooms to be placed at the disposal of the actors who will from week to week play at the New Broadway Theatre will be very comfortable. The two star dressing-rooms will be on a level with the stage. They will be very roomy and be fitted up elegantly. There will be two dressing-rooms on the south side of the theatre, eight feet wide and twenty feet long, and two dressing-rooms over the Forty-first street lobby, ten feet square. Every room will have a window opening on the street. There will be no dressing-rooms under the stage. Each room will be in itself fire-proof, and there will be fire-escapes on the outside. Every apartment will be supplied with running water, electric and gas light, large mirrors, plenty of furniture, etc., etc.

"NO BETTER WORK COULD BE UNDERTAKEN."

Editorial in the Boston Post.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR again illustrates its devotion to the profession which it represents by taking up the cudgels against the bad dressing-rooms which many managers of theatres inflict upon traveling companies. In the large cities, though there is often room for improvement, the quarters provided behind the scenes are at least habitable; in the smaller towns, if the testimony of those who, like Mr. Richard Mansfield, have had experience of them is to be believed, the dressing-rooms are "something disgraceful," and a fruitful cause of colds and even serious illness. No better work, therefore, could be undertaken by dramatic journals than the attempt to remedy to some extent an evil which threatens both the comfort and the health of those who have to endure it.

SCARCELY FIT FOR CATTLE.

The Denver (Col.) Play.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR should be commended for the stand it has taken in regard to the dressing-rooms of theatres all over the country. The dressing-rooms of some theatres are hardly fit for cattle to herd in, and since the green-room has been practically abolished, there is nothing for the actors and actresses to do but to stand around in the wings when out upon the stage.

Mr. Aldrich Takes A Hand.

Louis Aldrich, who owns the American rights to *The King of Diamonds*, sends the following reply to the article in last week's *MIRROR* concerning the Jones-Merritt controversy:

New York, Jan. 9, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:
DEAR SIR:—I have been disposed to take no part in the needless controversy concerning *Heart of Hearts* and *The King of Diamonds*, but am compelled now to refer to a recent article in your paper which does an injustice to me and an injury to my play, *The Kaffir Diamond*. About a year ago, having read *The King of Diamonds*, I told Mr. French, the agent for the English authors, that I would pay a certain cash sum for that play as I desired to use some of its incidents and names in the foundation of a new play. My offer was accepted, the money was paid, and I thus became the sole owner of *The King of Diamonds* for America, and placed the manuscript in the hands of Mr. E. J. Swartz of Philadelphia, who utilized a portion of its material in a new play which is now finished. Pending this work, arose the still current controversy between Messrs. Merritt and Jones upon the charge that *Heart of Hearts* substantially owes its existence and its value to the various incidents in *The King of Diamonds*. Of the merits of this controversy I know nothing positive, as yet, not having seen *Heart of Hearts*.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, who intends producing Mr. Jones' play, recognizing that I paid for *The King of Diamonds* in good faith, to use such portions of it as I wished in my play *The Kaffir Diamond*, has assured me that if the incidents in Mr. Jones' piece resemble those in Merritt's, as Mr. Merritt claims they do, he (Mr. Palmer) will indemnify me, which is an honorable admission of my American rights in them as theatrical property. This is eminently satisfactory to me, for when *The Kaffir Diamond*, by Mr. Swartz, has been shown dramatic ability in a good deal of other work—has been made essentially a new play, embracing only a few of the incidents and names in *The King of Diamonds*, I am nevertheless entitled to full protection from infringement in any shape, under my purchase, if it is proven that infringement exists.

As to this fact, I have yet no definite knowledge; but I do object to your statement that I intend to produce *The King of Diamonds*, by Paul Merritt, and that "he is a cheap dramatic huckster." This is an injury to my property. Whether the author of *Hoodman Blind*, etc., is a much better writer than Paul Merritt, I leave for others more competent than myself to decide. If his *Heart of Hearts* is a plagiarism of the *King of Diamonds* in its features, then I maintain I have a grievance; but there can be no quarrel between Mr. Palmer and myself on this subject, as I am satisfied that if such a state of things should be shown to exist, he will make an acknowledgment of the fact. But, in either case, I beg that my play *The Kaffir Diamond*, which is absolutely a new one, except in the fact of using a few incidents named, which I bought and paid for, should not be injured before production by unstatutory and unjust assertions on your part. LOUIS ALDRICH.

It is not necessary for *THE MIRROR* to disclaim any intention of injuring Mr. Aldrich or his play. We printed Mr. Jones' letter, supplemented by certain conclusions that we see no good reason now to modify. We stated that our personal knowledge of Mr. Jones' character was such that we did not believe him capable of plagiarizing from Paul Merritt and then denying it. Furthermore, we contrasted the literary qualities of the two writers, as shown by their work, and referred to Mr. Merritt as "a cheap dramatic huckster." Mr. Aldrich says this reference is an injury to his property, *The Kaffir Diamond*. How so? By his own admission Mr. Aldrich bought Merritt's *King of Diamonds* solely because he wanted the right to use and protect "some of its incidents and names" in another play. If *The King of Diamonds* was a good play, and if Mr. Merritt by his work in it showed himself, in Mr. Aldrich's opinion, to be a competent dramatist, then why did Mr. Aldrich discard the most of it and employ an American playwright to build an entirely new play out of a portion of its material? Instead, as he says, of leaving the question of Mr. Merritt's relative ability to others to decide, has not Mr. Aldrich very plainly decided it himself?

Mr. Aldrich is a shrewd and careful investor; his judgment in dramatic matters is exceptionally accurate. We doubt not that his new play *The Kaffir Diamond* warrants the confidence he reposes in it, and that R. M. Field of Boston and other managers have practically endorsed. But in the Merritt Jones controversy his piece, from the very fact that it is by Mr. Aldrich's representation, widely different from the discarded original, has little or nothing to do with the case.

Professional Doings.

—Hattie Haynes is at liberty for character and comedy roles.

—Robert Earle has been appointed business manager of the California Theatre, San Francisco.

—Walter M. Leman, the veteran actor, has sold his valuable dramatic library to a San Francisco millionaire.

—Edmund Gerson, kinsman of Bolosky Kiraly and manager of the Dolores, is making his twelfth trip to the Pacific Coast.

—Early in September next a handsome new Opera House will be opened at Woonsocket, R. I. It will be on the ground floor and will rival any in New England. The seating capacity will be 1,500, and the stage will be 52x60 feet. The new house will have a manufacturing population of 40,000 to cater to. For data for 88-g F. S. Weeks, Jr., manager, may be addressed.

—Twelve weeks have been filled at the Academy of Music, Chicago, for next season, and with the best attractions. Prices at the Academy run from twenty-five cents to one dollar. Two Sunday dates are open—Feb. 5 and March 18, with the usual two performances on that day. The management will negotiate with companies that may be near by on those dates.

—Owing to the closing of the Devil's Auction season, George H. Murray, business manager or advance agent, is at liberty to engage for the rest of the season.

—Max E. Heiser succeeds George D. Fawcett in the Hayman-Gillette stock company, playing the Captain.

—The Wages of Sin company is doing a fine business along Jacobs and Proctor's chain of theatres. Thomas F. McCabe, the leading man, has been suffering from congestion of the vocal chords, but is mending under treatment.

—Robert W. Boston, business manager, goes with the Bandmann-Besant company for a third season.

—Ralph Christy has been engaged for *Fleming's Around the World in Eighty Days* company.

—A. E. Anspacher, a wealthy citizen of Paducah, Ky., is in New York, seeking to secure plans and specifications for a new opera house, which he intends to build in the Spring. He has already booked some good attractions.

—McFadden's *Triumph* (Consort Roach's *McFadden's Spirits* rechristened) opens for a tour at Sturgis, Mich., on Jan. 13. The piece was first produced at the Third Avenue Theatre, this city, some three years ago, and was fairly successful. James Fort is the business manager of the present "experiment."

—Kraliyya Dolores not having "caught on" in San Francisco, the old stand-by, *Around the World*, has been substituted.

—James O'Neill revived his American *King* in San Francisco on Monday night. This play was a failure in the East some years ago, and shortly thereafter Mr. O'Neill found fame and fortune in Monte Cristo.

—Dorothy is to be produced by the Carleton Opera company at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Jan. 23.

—Edwin Arden, in *Eagle's Nest*, was called before the curtain six times at the Court Street Theatre, Buffalo, on Monday night.

—The New Grand Opera House at Sioux City, Ia., is to be opened by the Booth-Barrett combination early in next season. The guarantee is said to be \$10,000 for three nights and a matinee.

—Augustine Neuville, of the Boy Tramp company, writes from the South that while making a jump from Humboldt, Tenn., to Aberdeen, Miss., on the ad, the engine of the train broke down at Tusculum, where it laid from three in the afternoon to ten in the evening. At Muldon it was found that another smash up had occurred on the branch to Aberdeen, and that party was consequently compelled to pass the night in a woodshed. Thus New Year's night was lost, and about \$300 had to be returned. Neuville intends to sue the railway company, because these events followed the taking off of a Sunday train without notification to the public.

where I am playing this week, are very good, and on the whole we will do very well. I shall have season about Easter, as usual, and enjoy my usual trip after salmon."

The first American performance of Mr. Fowler, a three act farce comedy by Jessop and Gill, which has been presented with considerable success in England, will be given at the People's Theatre next Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 18, for the benefit of Mrs. Crowley, the wife of the police sergeant sentenced to a long term in jail. The stage will be directed by J. K. Emmett and Frederick W. Sydney, who brought the play over, will be seen in the principal rôle, supported by Malda Craigen, J. Ryley, Madeline Lucette, and others. The entire receipts will be given to Mrs. Crowley.

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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Notes from Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 30, 1887.

The Affaire Clemenceau (the Clemenceau Case as we should say), the story of which I gave in a recent letter, has been successfully produced at the Vaudeville. Like all pieces dramatized from a novel it is inferior to the book and the adapter has been obliged to omit a great many incidents that make the unity of the novel. In recasting the outline of the plot of the tale the reader will be able to see wherein the piece suffers from the romance. The drama begins in the studio of the sculptor, Ritz, where Pierre Clemenceau is at work. From the talk of several visitors who come and go we learn Pierre's history to the present moment. The second tableau shows us the same studio arranged for a masked ball, given by the students. It is here that Clemenceau first meets Iza and her mother, the Countess Dobronowska; Iza falls asleep from fatigue, and Pierre, who has been struck by her beauty, makes a sketch of her. When she awakes and sees this sketch she asks for it, and this incident serves as an introduction between the artist, the Countess and Iza. The third scene is the Countess' apartment, a poor habitation indicating the poverty of these *rustaguerres*. Pierre brings the sketch and falls in love with the model. The Prince Serge, who seeks Iza's hand, is refused and Pierre accepted. In the fourth scene the marriage has taken place. Pierre, become celebrated and rich, has a house of his own and a rich studio. His wife poses for him, and from a conversation between Constantin Ritz, the sculptor's son and friend of Pierre, we learn that this beautiful woman already deceives her husband, and, as is usually the case, he is the last one to suspect his misfortune. In the fifth tableau, in the same studio, Pierre discovers that Prince Serge is his wife's lover, and drives her and the Countess from the house. He challenges Serge, wounds him, and then starts for Rome, hoping to forget his faithless wife. The sixth scene represents a sumptuously-furnished parlor. While Pierre is away Iza has, with her mother's aid, caught on to a king, who has furnished this splendid house for her. But Iza, in spite of her perversity, loves her husband—desires him would, perhaps, be a better word—and writes to him. Pierre has not been able to eradicate the souvenir of this woman from his heart, and on receiving the letter he rushes back to Paris. He promises to pardon the past if Iza will quit Paris and live with him. She refuses and makes a counter proposition. She tells him that they will be happier as lover and mistress, and proposes that they shall get divorced. The king (who is in an adjoining room awaiting an audience) will continue to pay her a hundred thousand dollars a year, and Pierre will be the "preferred." Madly in love with his wife, the artist accepts this shameful bargain and cries: "Yes, to-night!" "Ah! no, to-night I cannot!" This reply awakens all his old jealousy, and brings vividly before him the realization of his shame. "Miserable woman!" he cries. "This is what you wish to make of me!" and he seizes a knife and kills her.

The drama, as presented at the Vaudeville, is a strong and curious work. It bears the marks, here and there, of Damas' hand, although I am inclined to believe, from certain weaknesses in the construction of the piece, that the eminent dramatist's share in the work has not been so great as everybody supposed it would be. The two first scenes, representing the studio and the masked ball, are very brilliant. The scene where Iza poses as a model is risky; but with lights and draperies the proprieties are saved. The fifth act is very dramatic. M. Dartois, to whom we owe this stirring drama, is a young author, who wrote *Le Petit Marquis* with M. Francois Coppee some years ago.

The Affaire Clemenceau is very well played by the Vaudeville company, reinforced for the season by Mlle. Tessandier, of the Odeon, who has made a powerful creation of the Countess Dobronowska. Mlle. Cerny was also borrowed from the Odeon, so much on account of her beautiful form as for any other reason. She did not give to the role of the perverse Iza that strong relief which it requires; but as a model she was a success. Raphael Duflos, as Clemenceau, was good, but not striking.

The Opera-Comique question has been finally settled, and M. Paravey replaces M. Carvalho as manager. Who is M. Paravey? everybody has been asking for the past few days. His name is not one that is known on the boulevards, and to appoint as manager of the Opera-Comique a man whose name has not been continually printed in the theatrical columns of the newspapers is a surprising innovation. But the new Minister of Fine Arts, M. Faye, has thought that a little young blood was necessary at the present moment, and so he has chosen the manager of the Nantes Theatre to succeed M. Carvalho and M. Jules Barbier. One of the best managers the Grand Opera ever had, M. Halanzar, came from the provinces, and M. Faye hopes that M. Paravey will turn out to be a second Halanzar. The new manager is a native of Havre and only thirty-seven years of age. Although destined for a scientific career he preferred being a baritone singer, and after being admitted to the Conservatory he started out on his career without ever having taken a lesson at the celebrated musical school. M. Paravey made his debut at Antwerp in 1872. Then he sang at Cairo, at Bordeaux, at the Opera Comique in this city, at Rouen, and at Lyons. He began his managerial career at the Grand Theatre of Bordeaux, and thence went to Nantes, where he has been for the past two years. In both these two cities M. Paravey has shown great capacity. The new manager proposes to give a better chance to the young composers to bring out their works, and

to retire into the background some of the operas that have been worn threadbare by constant repetition on account of economy. He also intends to increase the ballet and mount the works more elaborately than his predecessors have done. Meyer's Statue, Bizet's Pearl Fishers, and Lalo's King of Ys will be the first novelties.

Sarah Bernhardt having been maid, wife and mother, was anxious to play the more difficult role of mother-in-law. So she has married her only son Maurice to the daughter of a Polish Princess, Mlle. Terka Jablonowska. The ceremony took place yesterday at the Church of St. Honore d'Eylan, in the Passy quarter. Of course there was a rush of idlers and curiosity seekers, for everything relating to the stage has a most powerful attraction for the crowd. Sarah, who never does anything like other folks, wanted the young couple wedded at midnight, but the Archbishop was unwilling to lend a hand to this theatrical display, and so La Tosca was obliged to see Maurice married at the same hour as ordinary mortals. The young bride is twenty-one and the bridegroom twenty-three. You have seen him at New York. I need not dwell upon his appearance. The Princess Terka is a brunette with a dull complexion, dark and deep eyes, heavy brown hair, charming teeth, hand and foot. She has considerable taste for painting, and this talent is shared by her companion, who is studying with one of our best animal painters. Sarah has raked and scraped together all the money possible for her spoiled child, and her gifts amount, it is said, to several hundreds of thousands of francs. When reproached for such lavishness she replied that she would get it all back from America in 1890. Sarah says she intends to show the world what a mother-in-law should be, and to put her whole heart and art into the role. To give La Tosca time to enjoy her new happiness the Porte Saint Martin was closed last evening.

The Lyceenne is the title of a new opera in three acts, by George Feydeau, with music by Gaston Serpette, that has been brought out at the Nouveautés. Miss Finitte Bichu, the lyceenne, or school-girl, is in love with Apollon Boulevard, a painter, who has more talent than money. But Finitte's parents intend to make her a teacher, and to marry her to an aged professor of dentistry, M. Saboulot. They tell her she must choose between Saboulot and the college. Finitte prefers the latter, and when once within its walls she is carried off by Apollon and finally married to the artist with her parents' consent. The piece has scarcely head or tail, but all the scenes are gay and full of wit. Serpette's music is bright and original, and I think the Nouveautés has at last found its first success of this season.

At the amateur Theatre Libre three new pieces have been given: *The Serenade*, by Jean Jullien; *The Kiss*, by Theodore Baubille, and *All for Honor*, by Henri Ceard, this last work being adapted from Zola's novel of "Captain Burle."

The cabaret of the Chat Noir (Black Cat) is not a theatre, but it is such a resort for literary, artistic and theatrical people that every now and then its proprietor gives a performance arranged by some of his frequenters. Its latest bill is Saint Anthony's Temptation, a grand fairy spectacle in two acts and forty tableaux.

A new manager has at last been found for the Eden Theatre, this unlucky house that has thus far ruined everybody connected with its management, to say nothing about the stockholders. The courageous man is M. Bertrand, of the Varietes, and he intends to give opera comique, operetta and fairy spectacles as soon as he takes possession of the theatre, which will be on the first of February. Until then the present company will run the house. M. Bertrand will first produce *Madame Angot's Daughter*, with Jeanne Granier in the role of Clairette, Mlle. Piccolo as Amaranthe, and M. Romain, of the Gymnase, as Ange Pitou. During the summer recess new balconies will be added to the only one at present existing.

Two quarrels about new pieces: M. Emile Bergerat, who had been requested to dramatize *Théophile Gautier's* *Captain Fracasse* for the Odeon, has withdrawn the piece because the manager, M. Porel, wished to make certain changes that "Caliban" would not admit. The piece, which is in verse, has been presented to the Comedie Francaise, endorsed by Dumas and Halevy, and will soon be read to the committee.

The heirs of Gustave Flaubert having authorized the manager of the Vaudeville, M. Raymond Deslandes (himself a well-known author) to find a suitable person to adapt *Madame Bovary* for the stage, M. George Taylor claims that the priority of the idea belongs to him. In January last he sent to the Odeon the manuscript of a piece that he had arranged from Flaubert's novel with the consent of M. Commanville, representing the heirs. If the Vaudeville and Odeon both attempt to give a *Madame Bovary*, the courts will have to decide the question of priority.

New pieces in prospect: At the Francaise the first novelty will be *The Pere Bernard*, by M. Jean Aicard; Richenip will soon read in his new piece, *The Filibuster*, and M. Darto's will shortly present an adaptation of *Cherubine's* novel, "Meta Holdernis." At the Bouffes, Mlle. Crenon is in preparation. The Nouveautés has accepted an adaptation of Paul de Kock's "Demoiselle de Belleville," for which the Viennese composer, Millocher, has written the music. The Cluny is preparing a three-act comedy by Grenet-Dancourt, titled *The Maries de Mongiron*. M. Henry Becque's *Polichinelles* will not be ready at the Renaissance until February. Mouny-Sully, the actor is writing a five-act drama, *The Ruveuse de Larmes*. Mme. Henry Greville is dramatizing her latest novel, "Cleopatre." Paul Ronguet's remarkable novel of "Ménages" (Lies), is to be arranged for the stage by Leopold Lacour and Pierre Decourcelle. Sardou has written the libretto of a grand opera on the subject of the conquest of Mexico. M. Massenet will write the score. M. Alexandre Hepp has written a new piece for the vaudeville in which mothers-in-law are well treated; the title is the *Maison du Bon Dieu*. The next new piece at the Odeon will be a comedy in three acts, by M. Henri Amic, entitled *Mlle. Dargues*. STRAPENTIN.

Sydney Armstrong has purchased from A. M. Palmer, through Charles Overton, the London success, *The Pointsman*, which will be produced in this city early in April next under the title of *The Danger Light*.

Gossip of the Town.

The Soggarth company closes its season this week.

T. D. Fawley has signed for Estelle Clayton's support.

Carrie Godfrey and Belle Thorne have joined E. E. Price's forces.

A burlesque of *The Railroad of Love* is in preparation at Dockstader's.

C. E. Eldredge, of Richard Mansfield's company, is ill with pneumonia.

Julia Marlowe begins her starring tour at Baltimore next Monday night.

Frank Howard closed his engagement at Dockstader's on Saturday night.

Roland Reed will present *The Woman Hater* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Feb. 27.

Maurice Grau, of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, sailed from Paris for this country on Friday last.

Check 44, or Tobogganning, will be given by W. A. Mestayer and his company next week at the Star.

John J. Ruddy, of Hoyt and Thomas' forces, is lying ill with quinsy sore throat at his home in this city.

George A. Welier and Arnold Wolford have started forth with the High Old Time company, opening this week.

James H. Nugent has sold his one-third interest in A Dark Secret to H. S. Taylor and Charles B. Jefferson.

Blanche Seymour joined the Tin Soldier company on Monday night in Boston, playing the part of Carrie Story.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown have been called to Chelsea, Mass., by the serious illness of the former's mother.

W. J. Scanlan closed a phenomenal engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on last Saturday.

Charles MacFarthy has the reputation of being one of the best "three-sheet" writers in the whole amusement world.

The costumes of Mazum, the Night Owl, now at the Academy of Music, were furnished by the Eaves Costume Company.

An adaptation of "She" is to follow the production of the tragedy of Nitocris at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, next April.

Robert Hilliard is studying the part of General Delaroché in Paul Kaurav, but it is unlikely that he will appear just yet.

The Meech Brothers, of Buffalo, have settled their suit with N. C. Goodwin, and the comedian is now playing at their Academy in this city.

The receipts of Booth and Barrett at the Academy of Music for the two weeks ending last Saturday night are given in a round figure as \$50,000.

The sale of seats for the season of the Boston Ideal Opera company opened yesterday (Wednesday), and the prospects are reported good for a most successful engagement.

Arthur H. Thomas has been added to the business staff of the Grass Widow company, for which he will hereafter act as treasurer, as well as secretary to Charles T. Parsloe.

Louis James and Marie Wainwright opened to overflowing business at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on Friday night. They are prime favorites in the Crescent City.

R. G. Morris telegraphed from Boston on Monday night that *The Quaker's Child* was played to an immense house at the Windsor, although a new theatre next door was opened.

Walter Thomas, a young man in the Booth-Barrett company, is a native of Connecticut. He has been with Mr. Booth for three seasons and has received two promotions in that time.

Joseph Murphy and Manager W. G. Davis are both proud of the Christmas-day receipts at the Grand Opera House, Toronto. The two performances brought in \$2,201, and the week \$7,320.

Paul Kaurav played to \$1,246 more at the Standard Theatre last week than the week before, scoring the biggest week's business at that house that has been known in two years. At least so the voracious Kauravites say.

G. B. Bunnell gave up the Old London Street, not because the authorities refused him a license, as erroneously stated, but because his contract had expired. Judge Hilton does not care to convert the property into a theatre.

E. H. Sothern in *The Highest Bidder* has returned to New York State from the West. His five weeks in the Western country was very successful, and in all the cities next season he will play engagements of two and three weeks.

J. H. Alliger, who generally lands on his feet, has become manager for Claire Scott. The star has received a new drama from England, entitled *The Poacher's Daughter*. She will make it a feature of her repertoire for the rest of the season.

The Greenwood Opera company gave up the ghost at Massillon, O., just a week ago. H. H. Howard, of the company, stage manager and singing comedian, who has returned to the city, says salaries were paid in full. Further, he said the company had been out nine weeks, but had worked only six.

Proctor and Mansfield's New Grand Opera House, Boston, opened to a tremendous crush of people on Monday night. A squad of policemen were unable to stem the tide, and railings were torn away. The new house is a magnificent structure inside and out. The Arabian Nights was the attraction, and it scored a success.

Marie Brio de Marion, a German prima-donna of note, is to appear in a series of concerts in this city and elsewhere, beginning in this city next week. The lady was offered an engagement at the Metropolitan, but circumstances opposed her appearance there. Her business interests are in the hands of H. Wayne Ellis.

Fred Lubin has offered to the children of the stage through Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, the free use of Clarendon Hall, necessary music, walters, printing and light refreshment, for a ball to be given them at any date to be designated. It is quite probable that the offer will be accepted.

Gus Pitou has accepted a new Irish comedy-drama, by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend, formerly of the *Tribune*, which he claims is a decided departure from the orthodox Irish play. Mr. Pitou furnished the authors with the plot, the situations and the characters, with a view toward placing W. J. Scanlan in the leading role, and expresses himself as more than satisfied with the result.

Charles T. Vincent has written a new scene for the third act of *Little Puck*, in which Frank Daniels is starring. Mr. Vincent is about the sixth author to tamper with the piece. He has also fixed up the third act. His work was tried in Boston and found highly satisfactory.

A few credentials of 1887 remain in the hands of correspondents. These must be returned before the holders will receive cards for 1888. Over a month ago correspondents were requested to return old credentials by a certain date. The few who have not done so will receive no further notice, but will be dropped from the list if they continue in their delinquency.

The following artists will appear at the benefit to be tendered to Thomas W. Moore at the People's theatre next Sunday evening: Lillian Conway, Henrietta Markstein, Harry Kennedy, Flora Moore, Lizzie Haywood, the Sieglis Brothers, Murtha Porteous, the Tissots, Daisy Norwood, and about forty others.

Toma Hanlon, a young woman whose front name offers irresistible temptations to compositorial mutilators, will be associated next season with George H. Adams in He, She, Him and Her, a sort of dramatic what-is-it that is now being described as a speaking pantomime. Miss Hanlon is making a hit in many places with Zozo this season.

The Little Tycoon, under the personal direction of its author, Willard Spenser, opened at Plainfield, N. J., on Jan. 9. Music Hall was crowded, and the opera was greeted with warmth. Ada Glasca, a debutante, made her bow in the role of Violet, and did very well. A crowd of Philadelphians helped to swell the audience, but not the composer's head.

Ben Tuthill has been given the business management of The Golden Giant Mine—rechristened Golden Giant—and is engaged in getting up some novel advertising schemes. The play has been renamed because the star, Mrs. McKee Rankin, could not possibly be a golden or any other giant. Besides the title bore to the provincial mind a suspicion of the spectacular.

Dion Boucicault's company consists of Frank Roberts, Mason Mitchell, R. A. Roberts, Gus Reynolds, J. C. Podgett, Herbert Colby, Fred Corbett, Kirk Armstrong, Harry Thompson, Julia Stuart, Mary E. Barker, Jean Gordon, Elizabeth Gordon, and little Daisy Deane. H. B. Warner is to go in advance, and Aaron H. Wordhull will act as manager. The tour opens in Springfield on Jan. 25.

Samuel P. Cox, the executive of Frank Daniels' Little Puck company, passed through the city recently, on his way in heralding the attraction. This week the company one-night's in New England; opens in New York on Jan. 16; in Harlem on Jan. 23, and in Philadelphia the week following. Mr. Cox says that business is excellent, that all troubles have been adjusted, and that not a cent of salary is due, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Professor D. M. Bristol, head and front of Bristol's Equestrianism, writes THE MIRROR from Brownsville, Texas, as follows: "I saw in a recent issue of THE MIRROR a notice of the death of Dr. H. L. Fairchild, of New Brunswick, N. J., in which it was stated that he was the proprietor of my Equestrianism. This is an error, and I hope you will correct it. Dr. Fairchild never owned a dollar in my attraction. I seek this correction because the error is liable—for an obvious reason—to hurt my financial standing. I am the sole proprietor of Professor D. M. Bristol's Equestrianism."

And Still They Come.

A BRIGHT ARRAY.

Galveston (Tex.) News.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR has just been issued by the publishers at New York, and presents a bright array of literary gems, reflecting the light of a brilliant constellation of contributors. Many of the brightest and skilful writers among the votaries of the stage have combined with noted critics, poets and newspaper writers to fill these pages with cheerful and varied entertainment. There is spread out between the covers of this holiday number a bounteous feast "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." There are sketches and stories from Horace Townsend, Nym Crinkle, Joe Howard, Jr., Milton Nobles, Scott Marble, Frederick Ward, Elsie Leslie, Brander Matthews, Graham Durfee, Marie Wainwright, and others of more or less prominence in the literary firmament. In every story, sketch or poem there runs a vein of brightness, vivaciousness and native talent, and in their way each contribution is a delicate work of art. Choice illustrations accompany the stories, some of which consist of likenesses of actors of the day. The book is beautifully bound in colored covers, and is certainly worth its price, 25 cents.

ABLE, CANDID, CLEAN.

Lowell (Mass.) Courier.

The dramatic profession and all interested in the theatre have reason to be proud of so able a representative journal as THE NEW YORK MIRROR. It is able, candid, clean, and a strong advocate of whatever will improve the stage and its surroundings. This MIRROR gets out a Christmas paper every year, and this year's is a beauty. It is bound in a very handsome lithographed cover, and the contents are in a high degree entertaining. Among the three dozen contributors are Dion Boucicault, A. C. Wheeler, Joseph Howard, A. M. Palmer, Rudolph Aronson, Scott Marble, Veroona Jarbeau, Ullie Akerstrom, and others whose names are equally well known. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske has made a good Christmas number of his excellent paper.

A TREASURED SOUVENIR.

Battle Creek (Mich.) Call.

It has a beautiful illuminated title-page, on egg-shell paper, which is a marvel of the lithographic art and renders it an ornament to any boudoir. The first page is filled with an elegant engraving called the "Actor's Christmas Reflections." Then follows a witty article of length entitled "Shakespeare & Co.," an imaginary rehearsal and criticism of Will's tragedies by Ben Johnson and his friends. This forms the leading article. The paper or, more properly, magazine is replete with choice literary matter, prose and poetry, and will cheer the actor's heart, and will be a treasured souvenir of Christmas in all homes where Theopis and his disciples are favorites. The engravings are of a high order.

MERIT REWARDED.

Omaha (Nebr.) Excelsior.

It may be a little late, but, according to our way of thinking, praise cannot come too late, and that is the reason we now congratulate Mr. Fiske, Editor of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, upon his exceedingly handsome Christmas Number. It is a decided credit to the popular young editor and the great profession of which it is the worthy exponent. Merit never goes unrewarded and the success Mr. Fiske has had with his Christmas MIRROR will only serve to increase his ardor in making his paper the representative journal of its class in America. The Excelsior got out a mighty good Christmas

number, but we are pleased to award the palm to THE MIRROR.

HIGH IN TONE.

Battle Creek (Mich.) Journal.

The Number is an especially interesting one, artistic in design and coloring, and entirely befitting that great reflector of the doings of the American stage. High in its tone, just in its criticisms, THE MIRROR has assumed the first place in the hearts of all lovers of the drama. The Christmas number may be had at any of the news-stands, and should be in the hands of all interested in the drama.

A COMPLETE PAPER.

St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was received in the city yesterday, and it is one of the most complete dramatic papers ever published. The pictures are brought out to almost equal steel engravings. Everyone interested in dramatic affairs should secure one.

Letter to the Editor.

HE ISN'T IN EVIDENCE.

New Orleans, Jan. 6, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—The following paragraph appears in your issue of December 31, 1887: "Manager Henry Greenwall telegraphs from Dallas, Texas, he can prove the Grand Opera House at New Orleans has not suffered any loss, through its former treasurer, and in no way through the present treasurer, as was reported last week." As I was the business manager and treasurer of the Grand Opera House under Mr. Bidwell's management from October, 1881, until April, 1886, I am probably the party Greenwall refers to. I simply desire to state that Mr. Greenwall cannot prove what he asserts by me. JOHN H. CONNIFF.

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On Nature's Toboggan.

My story is composed entirely of facts, imagination having unkindly refused me aid; and, in truth, I don't think the following will need any romancing since the actual participation in the events narrated would serve to knock all the romance out of the most fanciful brain.

In the Fall of 1899, I, like many others of the same ilk, was wafted by the slow stages of a farm-wagon, drawn by an equally slow team of freighting mules, into the then booming mining camp of Leadville. The weather at that time of the year—August—was delightfully pleasant, and starting from Denver on Monday morning at nine o'clock, I was landed in the metropolis of "Sand Carbonates" at exactly five o'clock and twenty minutes and eleven seconds in the evening of the Friday following. In December I was appointed a county constable, an office that at that time yielded an income of nearly \$7,000 annually. Perhaps some of my readers will wonder and ask, "Well, what did you do during the time you were in Leadville previous to your appointment, and how did you manage to strike so handsome an engagement?" In answer, I will say that I used the intervening time in corresponding for THE MIRROR; seeing, as much as practicable, the powers that ruled over all the "fat takes" in the camp, and taking lessons from jovial "Jim" Cragg, about how to run the Tabor Opera House.

A short time after my appointment as constable rumors began to circulate that extensive robberies of rich horn-silver ore had been discovered on the property of the Robert E. Lee Mining Company. The Lee mine at that time and, for aught I know, now, was one of the largest producers in the camp, ore to the value of \$117,000 having been taken out once on a special trial of twenty-four hours. Imagine the richness of the ore, too, ye disciple of the sock and buskin! Just think of lumps of dirty, black-looking stuff, very heavy, and so rich with that precious metal that you could with your pocket knife shave off long slices of pure silver, much in the same fashion that a Down-Easter would a stock of shavings from the village store dry-goods box. Now, perhaps, Ada Wallace (Mrs. Gus Levick) Lillie Vane, M. C. Daly, W. S. Harkins, Joe Brennan, C. W. Wilkins, Sadie Martine, Mrs. L. E. Barker, Edna Carey and S. M. Kent will willingly coincide with me about the ore, for each of them has visited the Lee and Matchless mines, or the Briggs tunnel. I don't think those first named, who were in Leadville with Maude Granger, will ever forget that awful moment when Lon Leonard (since dead) dropped the cage down the shaft of the Matchless, with one darky driver, and almost scared him white. I remember it took considerable coaxing to induce Daly and Harkins to descend, but they did finally. I digress.

Well, the stealings had been discovered, and now to unearth the guilty parties. How long the speculations had been going on no one knew, but suspicion pointed to two men who had been working in the mine, and were now keeping bachelors' hall on East Seventh street, in Leadville, near the foot of Frye Hill, and close to the Little Pittsburgh Mine, that was afterward the means of rearing the palatial Grand Opera House in Denver through the generosity of H. A. W. Tabor.

The actions of the two suspects, whom I will name Evans and Murray (I do not give their correct names, for neither was convicted), had been peculiar, to say the least. Matters finally reached such a pass that Ed. Guilbault, then manager of the Lee Mine, concluded to begin action. A night watchman on the property, who had inside information, swore out a complaint, and a search-warrant was placed in the hands of myself and a brother officer, James W. Coyne, a sturdy, resolute man, and one well known to many professionals on the Pacific slope. Jim and I at once hied to the cabin on East Seventh street, and at an hour when somebody should have been around. Repeated knocking on doors, front and back, bringing no response, we finally forced the first door, and began our search. The interior was apparently deserted, everything, except a cook-stove and some cumbersome utensils, having been removed. Like the majority of houses in the camp, the inside walls and ceiling were covered with a cheap grade of muslin, which, when painted or kalsomined, gave a very good finish to the interior. After a thorough search without result, Jim called my attention to an opening in the canvas ceiling. A table and chair placed the opening in easy reach. I mounted to the top of this improvised tower and, thrusting my head and shoulders into the aperture, discovered—the thieves? Oh, no! But I did see a long box resting across the rafters. It was no trouble to draw myself up to a level with the top of the box. Then was disclosed to my glistening and expectant eyes—not a load of silver ore, but the remnant of what had been a goodly pile of the same. The "evidences" were carefully gathered and taken to the Assay Office at the Lee Mine, where they were promptly pronounced samples of the Lee ore.

Evans was easily found. Murray's whereabouts he claimed not to know, and swore vengeance against the officers and all concerned in his arrest. The preliminary examination of Evans was perfunctory until we could find Murray. Finally information came that we might find him at work in a mine on Fletcher Mountain, some distance from Leadville, and it was upon our journey to and from that location that Jim and I met with the most exciting adventures detailed below.

Fletcher Mountain is perhaps thirty miles from Leadville by rail, and the Warrior's Mark Mine, our objective point, is situated almost upon its extreme summit and fully a mile and a half above "timber line." The weather was splendid; the April had been very mild, and on the bright April morning that saw our de-

parture in quest of Murray the streets of Leadville were actually dusty, and the indications for fair weather augured well for our undertaking. Boarding a train on the Eagle River branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, we were soon bowling along up the gulch towards the head of Musquito Pass. A sharp curve to the left, after going fourteen miles, found us puffing up a grade of 900 feet to the mile, and in the midst of a blinding snow-storm. On arriving at Robinson's Camp we found to our disgust nearly four feet higher than Leadville—which brought us about 13,300 nearer Heaven than the MIRROR office—we still did not feel the need of extra wraps, and I may as well say here that the entire trip was made without overcoats, gloves, or overshoes. At Robinson's Camp we engaged a guide, a genuine mountaineer named Charley Hammond, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we set out on foot to cover the nine miles that lay between us and the foot of Fletcher Mountain. Each succeeding mile traversed the snow seemed to increase in depth, and many was the tumble all hands had at different times. It was growing dark, and had turned bitterly cold, when we at last reached the abandoned cabins of some early prospectors at the foot of snow-clad Fletcher, and there we went into camp for the night. Inside the cabin where we tarried we found some old gray blankets, and numerous aged and suspicious-looking yarn socks, and having started a roaring fire of pine logs in the huge fireplace, spread the aforesaid blankets and socks before his kindly warmth, and sat down to smoke and ruminate over the plan of action for the morrow. I am sure I could give valuable pointers to any quondam "banner carrier" as to how to keep warm on a cold winter night in a deserted miner's cabin. My! how we did have to hustle that memorable night. Each man tried every conceivable position before that fire, and then, when we did finally become warm enough to get drowsy, it wouldn't be long before the northeast side of some one would become congealed, and the rest awakened by the frosted one in his efforts to replenish the fire. The appearance of daylight was a relief, and at half-past five, after each man had encased his hands in a pair of the old socks, and supplied himself with a stout stick to be used as a sort of Alpinestock, the line of march up the steep ascent that was to bring us to our man, was taken up.

For the first 3,000 feet, a distance that may seem quite short to the average "tenderfoot," the climb was made over snow estimated by our guide to be eighty feet deep in places, and at each step we sank in the newly fallen snow to our knees. At the top of this stretch we came to the gorge, a narrow defile, awfully sublime in its rocky grandeur, and it seemed as though it led away up, almost straight into the clouds. Down through the gorge, which was the usual means of communication with the mine, an inch rope had been laid, and up the steep incline we were compelled to straddle the rope, which was 500 feet long, and climb hand over hand. When we reached the upper end of the rope, where it was fastened to an iron ring welded into the rock, we were still nearly 1,500 feet from the cabin of the Warrior's Mark Mine.

We had barely reached this station when Hammond suddenly shouted: "Look out, boys! for God's sake look out!" Instinctively I glanced upward, and was almost paralyzed to see an immense slide of snow, ice and rocks, tearing down toward us, directly in our path, and increasing in volume at every bound. Your humble servant lost no time, however, likewise his comrades, in jumping and sliding to a safe covert, and each man was compelled to lie flat on his corporation, and stick his toes and fingers in the crustled snow to keep from sliding away down the gorge again. It was a peculiarly embarrassing position, gentle reader; but you must bear in mind that at this particular point the steep and almost perpendicular character of the mountain was such that a single false step, when we were actually "sticking" for life, would have meant a rough-and-tumble acquaintance with 2,000 feet of rocks and ice—an exit that I am sure none in the party was desirous of making. As it was, the enormous slide went by with a roar and a rumble like the noise of a hundred railroad trains all in a bunch, and leaving a trail from twenty to fifty feet deep and as wide as Broadway.

To make matters worse, the weather was becoming much colder, and when within about 400 feet of the mine, we were suddenly enveloped in clouds, and in the midst of the terrible sensations produced by an electric storm, the lightning flashed in our very eyes, and made us blink, and our hair bristle as it fairly crackled under the influence of the electric fluid. Jim, my partner, was so completely fagged out by this time that he declared he could go no further. As for myself, I was simply numb with the intense cold, my eyes lashes froze together until I was blinded, and I was compelled to dispense with my improvised gloves in order to rub them and moisten the lashes. The situation was fast growing desperate, when Hammond signified his intention of hastening on up to the mine and informing the men of our perilous condition. He started, after warning Jim and I to "keep moving about," and even though we followed his imperative instructions, we shook and shivered like a debutante. After what seemed hours of waiting, but what was in reality not more than half an hour, we were overjoyed to hear our names called, and we lost no time in replying. Soon five burly miners, led by Hammond, appeared; and with one on each side of Jim and I, we were almost carried bodily to the welcome shelter of the cabin of the Warrior's Mark Mine. Here we were put to bed, liberal doses of whiskey administered, and after two hours of coddling and swathing in blankets and buffalo robes, were pronounced thawed out, and invited to partake of a substantial breakfast of bacon, eggs, hot biscuit and coffee, to which you must know we did ample justice, for we had eaten nothing since dinner on the day previous.

It went rather against the grain, after all this hospitality, to have to serve the warrant; but of course it had to be done. Murray was summoned from his work in the tunnel and the paper duly read to him. He at once protested he was innocent, and calmly agreed to go with us without further murmur. The cabin was located on a clearing that had been formed by blasting, and the descent down the mountain began abruptly within perhaps forty feet of its door. To our inquiry, "How in the world are we going to get down?" Murray replied, "Just follow me," and sitting down in the snow, with his feet pointed directly outward and downward, he began to slide. Coyne and Hammond followed in like manner, and I brought up the rear in the rut or pathway made by those ahead, and in this manner we went

sliding along down the vast expanse of snow, occasionally sticking our heels in to slacken our speed. We reached the bottom of the mountain in a fraction less than nine minutes, having covered in that time, toboggan fashion, a distance estimated to be nearly 5,000 feet, and which had taken us three hours and forty minutes to ascend. We arrived in due time in Leadville, where we found the daily papers publishing specials concerning our trip and the slide, and expressing fears for our safety. Murray was consigned to the custody of Sheriff Becker, with sincere regret on our part, and when, after remaining in durance nearly two months, he was tried and acquitted, no one rejoiced more than Jim and I, who, in his company, had enjoyed our first ride on "Nature's Own Toboggan" down Fletcher Mountain. Some time afterward it leaked out that two men who worked in the Lee Mine had stolen 1,500 pounds of ore from the mine in their dinner pails, from time to time, and had sold it to a smelter in Pueblo. The ore was worth \$5,000. The thieves were never found. BRANCH O'BRIEN.

The piece with the somewhat comprehensive title, He, She, Him and Her seems to be in demand by managers. The manager states that the difficulty is not what theatres want the attraction, but what theatres the attraction wants. Dates have been arranged at the Boston Globe; Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; Olympic, St. Louis; Grand Opera House, this city, and Miner's chain of theatres. In this piece George H. Adams will appear as the schoolboy of tradition.

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Mr. Warren's original songs, "Vesper Bells" and "Papa, Sweet Mama and Ma" received several encores.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.
The scenes between Nora (Mrs. Harry Bloodgood) and Teddy Cregan (Mr. Charles Warren) are very amusing, and the songs that they sing extremely entertaining.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*, Nov. 1.
Charles Warren as Teddy Cregan and Mrs. Harry Bloodgood as Nora Brophy sang several beautiful songs, and the diversion was the pleasant portion of the drama. *Columbus (O.) Journal*, Nov. 18.
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